In This Issue

VOLUME 152 MAY 29, 1929 NUMBER 5

Looking Forward 161

Frontispiece: A Court Room Sixty Years Ago . . . 162

Articles

Perjury in the Modern Manner 163
By MILTON MACKAYE

Europe Fights Our "Talkies" . 180
By T. R. YBARRA

Why I Am Leaving the Stage . 167
ANONYMOUS

The Efficient Farmer . . . 170
By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Beethoven: A Biography . . 181
Seventh Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Financial Article 186
Foundations of our Prosperity
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The Trend of Events

Battle Over Books 172
Air Rivalry 172
Diesel-Engined Plane . . . 172
Toward Golden Shores . . 173
Bargains in Visas 173
Birth Control 173
Within the Gates 174
Without the Gates . . . 174
Law's Loopholes 174
Emergency Legislation . . . 175
Church-State Question . . . 175
In Mexico and Italy . . . 176
Theatre Holds On 176
Pax Americana 176
In Brief 177
The Week's Press Opinion . . 177
Back Stage in Washington . . 178

Editorial

The President and Congress . 179
By CHARLES A. BEARD

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books . . . 187
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR, GORHAM B. MUNSON, MARY SHIRLEY AND LUCILLE FORT HEWLINGS

Educational, Moral, Economic 189
By EDWARD T. DEVINE

Picked at Random . . . 190
By WALTER R. BROOKS

The Theatre 191
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 192
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 193
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 194
By IBBY HALL

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Looking Forward

MUCH IS SAID nowadays of the increasing pressure of life. Criticism of this country is replete with observations on the number of things men wear their lives out producing, buying and scrapping; in order, apparently, merely to produce and buy and scrap more.

IN THIS issue is a resumé of the report of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, which pictures the American of the future as possessing both inexhaustible wants and the means to supply them, a consumer-producer of Brobdingnagian proportions, creating a new want today, to fill it tomorrow—a creature of immense industry, using every resource to surround himself with the most varied and complicated material world his ingenious, hard-driven imagination can devise.

THIS is the land which our economic Columbuses predict is just over the horizon—one which, with some differences, has been the dream of industrial leaders since the first machines were put to commercial use a century ago.

TO DECRY this future, to view its approach with fear and criticism, or to try to avert its arrival, is to be both futile and destructive. Man's environment has always been a powerful factor in shaping his philosophy. It will prove itself so again. If the new age finds new physical powers, it will find also hitherto undreamed of energies in men's minds and hearts, able to produce a philosophy of life which will enable man to achieve inner happiness even amidst such a high-pressure pageant.

MATCHING MAN'S environment in all likelihood there will appear an indestructible self-reliance which can toss in the air all the golden baubles which science and machinery can devise, and still remain master of itself. Man's destiny will force him to seize the spiritual sword he will require to defend his life. New prophets of the soul will arise, interpreting old truths, showing a way of existence fitted to a new world.

TO THINK otherwise is to doubt man's spiritual potency, while acknowledging his intellectual inexhaustibility.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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A COURT ROOM SIXTY YEARS AGO

Jurors listening to Counsel, Supreme Court, New York City Hall, New York. (Drawn by Winslow Homer —Harper's Weekly, February 20, 1869)

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Outlook
and Independent

May 29, 1929

Perjury
In the Modern Manner

By MILTON MACKAYE

Leaders of the bar say that perjury is committed by one side or the other, or both, in virtually every civil suit that is brought to trial. It is only slightly less frequent in criminal actions. Mr. MacKaye considers the causes and remedies proposed to abate the condition

THE noon recess is over. There is a slight flutter in the shabby court-room (which smells curiously of human bodies and antiseptic soap) as the judge enters from his chambers. Every one rises half-heartfully, a little resentfully, as he swings past, his dusty robes billowing wide to expose the half dozen quarter cigars in a waistcoat pocket, and the heavy lodge charm that hangs from his watch chain. He is careful about wearing that lodge charm nowadays; he is running for re-election in the fall. The judge takes the bench, speaks in an undertone to the court reporter, surreptitiously produces a quill toothpick. There is the shuffling of papers on the attorneys' tables; the steel drill that has been quiet during the lunch hour once more takes up its clamorous monotony. The attendant drones out the name of a witness. Monotony on monotony. The judge adjusts himself into an efficient position of inattention; the trial resumes.

Justice is about to be done. Mr. Coke's "gladsome light of jurisprudence" is to be shed upon the dark obscurities of social relationships. Here, removed a step from the crass meannesses of commercial life, the jealousies and competitions of industry, the majesty of the law functions and preserves for us our liberties and our heritage of recognized responsibility. There is the weight of tradition within these walls—the austere memory of generations of law givers, of Coke, of Hale, of Bracton, Jay, Marshall, Taney. They have lived, they have moved in measured procession through the years so that this appellant before the bar, this gentleman in the checked suit may obtain a square deal from the fire-insurance companies.

A witness approaches. He is to take oath to tell the truth, an oath that once called upon God to strike him dead if he should bear false witness. It is a pledge, a very old one, a pledge that sent shivers of fear through primitive peoples. The witness takes the stand. A worn Bible is within reach. A solemn moment, surely. The witness raises his right hand. The judge looks away, abstractedly shuffling the silver in his trousers pocket, perhaps wishing that he knew what the stock ticker has done. There is the whisper of conversation at the lawyers' tables. The steel drill stammers on. The clerk shifts his chewing gum from one jaw to the other. He does not even look up.

" . . . . . yu solemn . . . . . truth, whotruth, nothbuttru . . . . . shelpyugod?"

The witness ducks his head. He is sworn. A solemn moment? As solemn as buying a newspaper, as solemn as ordering a dozen eggs or paying a bookmaker or shouting down the hall, "No ice today." No one has listened. It's all a decrepit old formula. Of course, the witness took the oath. You take oaths for everything now. It's just like telling your name and address. You have to duck your head before you testify—that's the rule. And who believes, anyway, that God will do anything about it?

In a moment the trial is under way again. The witness is telling the story the lawyer made him learn by heart. The jurymen are slumbering gently; the judge is still shuffling his silver. The oath was only the rather futile preliminary that, for some forgotten reason, was necessary to start the judicial machinery grinding again.

The foregoing picture is typical and it is photographic in its truth. It might have happened equally well in New York, Illinois, or California, and it does happen daily. I could even carry the case further, chronicle the lying testimony of the plaintiff and the, in turn, lying testimony of the defendant. For such is the condition of the American courts today that it is only stretching the truth a little to say that perjury, rather than being the exception, is the rule.

THE LEADERS of the bar say frankly that perjury is prevalent on one side or another, or both, in virtually every civil suit that is brought to trial. It is only slightly less usual in criminal actions. Magistrate J. E. Corrigan of New York says it exists in ninety per cent of these cases and every one knows the perjured alibi is one of the common phenomena of high-powered defenses. Indeed, so widely accepted is this item in the cynics' credo that testimony is now a staple commodity—to be bought and sold like a side of beef or a bushel of corn. Perjury is not an accident; it

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is an industry. In every large city today there are rings of professional witnesses. They make their living by court appearances. They are always on call and they are prepared to swear to any fiction that you or your lawyer proposes. The only deciding factor is price, and that, of course, varies with the seriousness of the case and the amount of money involved in the litigation. Just a few days ago a veteran newspaper reporter, a reporter who has covered the New York courts for fifteen years, told me that he could, within thirty minutes, buy witnesses for me for any case and he further promised that the cost would not be exorbitant. Such prompt service is not available in New York alone; it can be had in Duluth and Denver and Des Moines. New York is not different—it is only larger.

The recent "ambulance chasing" investigation there and the indictment of more than seventy lawyers gave the public some insight into the situation. These lawyers were gentlemen who had "runners" following the ambulances, getting the police reports, spotting each accident case in the city. They took the cases on a commission basis—that is, they would sue, perhaps, for $10,000 in the interest of their solicited client and, in the event of winning the suit and obtaining a settlement, they would accept half, or more, of the damages as fees. It was highly profitable but profitable only in the event of victory. To assure victory, many of these lawyers furnished witnesses as well as legal advice. Competition had become stiff in recent years. These witnesses were usually the runners on their staffs. The lawyers paid no extra money for perjury; that was one of the duties called for by their employees' weekly check.

In such a society, error breeds more error. The great corporations have not been entirely innocent; they are not entirely innocent yet, despite the widely heralded improvement of business ethics. Some of the most prominent criminal lawyers have been accused and apparently with reason. One nationally known New York attorney, a frequent principal in sensational defense, was known to his colleagues as an habitual suborner of perjury. He was never caught and when he died some time ago he was buried with ironic eulogies of his civic righteousness and usefulness.

A rather flagrant case came to my personal attention a few months past. A friend, the owner of a thriving publicity business, was in a motor accident. He collided with another car when both were skidding on rainy streets. A policeman did not appear until three minutes after the accident. Yet when the damage suit came to trial, that policeman took the stand and testified in detail regarding the accident, placing responsibility on the publicity man. The latter lost the case, paid his damages. He was not surprised when he heard the policeman had a new suit for courtroom wear.

Now, if it is impossible to gain justice in our courts by truthful testimony and honest defense, it must be obvious where the situation will lead. To the realistically minded, there is a prompt remedy. That is to fight fire with fire—to counter perjured testimony with perjured testimony. The error grows and the law seems to offer no adequate remedy.

The whole structure of our legal system rests upon truth telling. It is more than a moral question. It is a matter of cold public security. If the oath has lost its impressiveness, if the awed or, better still, fearful approach to the witness chair cannot be restored, the citadel of justice must come crashing down about our ears.

At first glance, the fight to reduce perjury strikes the average tolerant layman as a crusade with frankly humorous overtones. If he has made no study of the subject, if he is endowed with any salty skepticism concerning the inherent righteousness of the human race, he is inclined to dismiss the crusade as a quixotic enterprise—an effort to make men quit lying merely by doing something about it. He recalls that falsehood has flourished since the days of man's innocency and hazards an opinion that it is likely to bloom on in rich splendor until the millennium arrives.

If, indeed, the attempt were to legislate morality into the citizenry he would be right. The failure of various items of pious statute-making has well established that such efforts to confine the deviltry innate in all of us are as conclusive and effective as firing buckshot at the moon. But the law, as it happens, aspires to set no check upon the day-in and day-out lying of the public, those pleasant, warming fictions in which the most upright of our neighbors indulge. You may lie all your life without going to jail. The law, however, does demand truth upon the witness stand, and it must have it if even an approximate justice is to prevail. That the present perjury in the courts is attributable to something more definite than man's innate untruthfulness is evident to any one who will take the trouble to contrast the courts of today and those of a century ago. Human nature has not changed; the perjury figures have.

It is clear then that something is wrong and it is clear, too, that the State has failed dismally in its effort to treat the disease. New York statistics will serve as well as those of any other State to reveal the sterility of the perjury laws. In the greater city during the three-year period from 1925 to 1927 inclusive there were 103 arrests for perjury and only fifteen convictions; one arrest for subornation and no conviction; four arrests for intimidating witnesses and one conviction. In New York County, which takes in only the island of Manhattan, there were twenty-six convictions for perjury in the ten-year period from 1918 to 1927 inclusive and no convictions for subornation. This in face of the fact, as any reputable and knowing jurist will admit, that thousands of perjured witnesses are heard in the courts there yearly.

But before entering into discussion of this miscarriage of justice, it is well to consider the contempt into which the oath itself has fallen.

It is not surprising that the superstitious awe which sent the medieval husbandman shivering to the witness stand should, in a measure, drop away. Blasphemy has lost some of its horror. No one presumes now that he will be wiped out by a thunderbolt if he violates his oath, or that he will be hounded to the end of his days by divine vengeance. But more than the mere rise of man from his haunches is involved in the current phenomenon. A sense of solemn responsibility does not vanish with the birth of intelligence; it should be in all reason italicized by a new, if glimmering, conception of social organization.

And yet there is no more solemnity in an average court today than in a feed market or a chain drug store. The oath is administered by a low-grade political appointee who has repeated its encompassing pledge so often that the words have lost all meaning to him. He rattles them off as he would a gin-making recipe and there the matter rests. The witness listens mechanically.

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He, too, has heard the oath so many times. It no longer is significant.

THIS LACK of honest theatrical effect—and theatrical effect definitely has its place in a court of law—is one factor that can easily be remedied. It is the fault of the judges themselves. Listening day after day to litigation, they become bored, they become cogs in a machine. As ritual is important to a church, dignity is important to a court. It is the duty of the judges, the attendants, the attorneys to dramatize the responsibilities which witnesses undertake, and a concerted movement among them can do much to restore the apostolic air which the courts once boasted.

The revitalization of the oath itself, however, is another matter. It has become commonplace from overuse. Everything calls for the oath nowadays. An oath is required for your income tax, for your motor car license, for business statements of all kinds, for a hundred other things. So amazingly plebeian has it become that no business office is complete without a notary about, or, more truthfully, a squad of notaries.

That this is an unhappy condition is beginning to be realized. Several years ago the Massachusetts Legislature, which had made registration of motor vehicles mandatory, decided to forego the customary affidavits from half a million citizens. Here is the editorial comment, pertinent to this discussion, of the Massachusetts Law Review:

> To attach an oath to every official and hundreds of unofficial acts, like the continuous enactment of legislation, in both of which errors Massachusetts holds the record, tends to defeat the very purpose for which oaths and legislation exist, by tending to bring them both into contempt.
>
> . . . Jurats are filled out in advance of signature, oaths are taken over the telephone, (the right hand held up before it), men are sworn to the best of their knowledge and belief about matters that they cannot possibly be familiar with, errand boys are sent to them to obtain their oaths offhand to matters of belief so vague that no court would permit them to testify about them, or to pages of figures prepared by days and weeks of labor in which they had no share and for the accuracy of which they can vouch only because of their confidence in the persons who did prepare them.

That most false documents of the type cited bring prosecution upon their makers on charges other than perjury is another evidence of the futility as well as the iniquity of this adulteration, this watering, of the oath. Here is the brief and authoritative report of the Massachusetts Judicature Committee, also cited by the Law Review:

> We think that the use of perfunctory certificates and affidavits in connection with very many projects today is overdone and that the common requirement of the oath instead of adding any special sanction to the document thus sworn to rather tends to bring sanction of the oath into contempt.

The creators of our legal system labored under the impression that they had put teeth in the perjury laws. The maximum sentences in this country vary from ten to twenty years and it would seem, at first glance, that the threat of such severe treatment would frighten the most hardy of paid witnesses into the paths of rectitude and truthfulness.

AS A MATTER of fact, the threat is an idle one. Prosecutions are few and, as evidenced by the New York figures, convictions are fewer. Perjury is one of the most difficult crimes on the calendar to prove, so difficult that the average prosecutor will not take the time or the pains to bring action against the man he is reasonably sure is guilty. Juries are lenient of the charge. Usually by the time the case reaches them, the original action in which the perjury figured has been adjusted and the perjured testimony is stale and seemingly unimportant stuff. All the dynamite has gone out of it. Perhaps they have been witnesses themselves and have known the confusion brought about by our antiquated rules in evidence. The jurymen have no desire to send any one to prison for a long term of years because he is a liar.

Then, even though a conviction is obtained, there is no certain proof that a higher court will not free the guilty man on a technicality. In Illinois there have been twenty-nine perjury convictions taken to the State Supreme Court since the State's organization. Thirteen of them were reversed.

"Among the popular delusions concerning the law," ironically wrote Mr. Willard L. King in the Illinois Law Review several years ago, "none is more common than the belief that a man who lies under oath commits perjury for which he is likely to be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary.

"Like many other popular notions of the law, this impression is not accurate. It is only with extreme reluctance that a court imposes penalty for perjury. One reason for this is that the punishment has always been disproportionate to the offense."

The Romans threw perjurers from the Tarpeian Rock. In Egypt it was a capital offense. Somewhat later, penalties were excommunication, forfeiture of goods, deprivation of the right to be heard in court, cutting out of the tongue, compulsory penance, whipping at the post, at the cart tail or in the pillory. The judiciary, however,—as Mr. King says—has taken a hand. The severity of the punishment has led the courts to build up a series of technical rules to avoid the necessity of inflicting the penalty.

Although there has been in the last two years a much different attitude of the judges of the bench, those rules are still on the statute books. They have raised almost insuperable barriers to a successful crusade. This is not a new situation. The collapse of many of the technical doctrines of the criminal law—the doctrines which have rendered the criminal law unworkable under modern conditions—may be laid to the same cause, punishment disproportionate to the offense.

There is the tendency in every jury to regard the perjury charged against a defendant as merely a matter of morals. If no one has been hurt by the lie, the temptation is to wipe it off the books and to forget about the case. While there is no proper analogy between ethical and legal responsibility in this offense, this viewpoint of the jury must be faced and considered. If the American jury will not send a man to prison for ten years for perjury, it is infinitely more sensible to lower the maximum sentence than to let the criminal go scot-free.

THOMAS S. RICE, of the Crime Commission of New York State, said in that same connection: "Reducing perjury to a misdemeanor with a comparatively trifling maximum sentence and the operation of the New York parole law to cut down the punishment have impressed many experts as 'cheaping the crime,' as possible encouragement of perjury. I also took that view but the situation seems to be that despite

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the possibility of a twenty-year maximum sentence in felony trials and a ten-year maximum in other trials, the courts of Greater New York and of the State as a whole have already reached the saturation point in perjury."

Before consideration of sentences, however, it might be well to examine the perjury law itself. There is the impression among many people that any lie upon the witness stand is perjury. This is erroneous. To perjure himself, a witness must *wilfully* and *knowingly* testify falsely in any *material* matter. Thus the matter must be false to the knowledge of the defendant and it must be material to the result of the case.

It is this doctrine of materiality that often defeats conviction. Jurists differ widely on just what is material to a given case. The famous case of Santee vs. Moris in the law books illustrates how a flat falsehood may go unpunished. The defendant in a bastardy proceeding in Chautauqua County, New York, swore that he was a bachelor when, as a matter of fact, it was established that he had been married for a number of years. The State contended that the lie was material because, since he was ordered to support the child, it influenced the financial arrangements. The man was convicted but the Supreme Court reversed the decision.

Another curious evidence of the obtuseness of the legal mind is found in the fact that contradictory sworn statements do not furnish sufficient ground for a guilty verdict. The prosecution may be unable to prove in which of the statements the perjury was committed, although the commission is absolutely clear. In the State of South Carolina's case against a defendant named Burns in 1922, Burns openly admitted perjury and yet his conviction did not stand. The Michigan Law Review has this succinct explanation of the position of the courts:

> It is now well established that a conviction for perjury cannot be sustained merely on the contradictory sworn statements of the defendant, but the state must prove which of the two statements is false by other evidence than the contradictory statements.

Mr. King, in the article to which I previously have referred, reveals that the doctrine of materiality, now universally accepted, is one of doubtful antecedents. He contends that as legal dogma it has no authenticity and is the child of an improper reading of precedents. It comes from Blackstone who held that a statement must be false in matters "material to the issue or point or question." Blackstone cited Coke as his authority. Coke said that "if a deposition be not material, the complaining party is not grieved thereby," and he in turn cited Bracton's ruling, made in the year 1260.

Now Mr. King says that the quotation from Bracton is not only inappropriate but miscited. The quotation to which Coke must have referred deals with juries bringing in wrong verdicts. But the writer points out that the juries of that day did not hear evidence. They were themselves the witnesses and they gave the decision. Since they acted on their own knowledge of the facts and were presumed to know the facts, an improper verdict constituted perjury.

"Only by garbling the quotation," said Mr. King, "did Coke find support in Bracton for doctrines of materiality. Anyway, the reasons for the doctrine ceased with the introduction of witnesses sworn to tell the truth and of juries not in possession of the facts."

But even if the Blackstone precedent were right, the year 1260 does, to a layman, seem a very long time ago.

There has been a great deal of talk about perjury during the last three years, but the results thus far have been rather nebulous. In Cleveland good work has been done with the aid of the privately supported Association for Criminal Justice, and in Chicago the Crime Commission and in New York the Baumes Committee have been making deep studies of the present abuse. Nevertheless, this activity has as yet had little effect in the courts themselves. True, Earl Carroll, the short-sighted theatrical producer who testified that a young lady had not occupied a bathtub during a festive party he sponsored, was sent to Atlanta Penitentiary when it was established that she had, in strict truth, been there. But the severity of his punishment by the Federal Court in the face of the petty character of his peccadillo—the obvious fact that he was being made an example—may have defeated the purpose of the prosecution. The public was a little resentful. His sentence did not encourage juries to return convictions.

While the lawyers were still debating over remedial methods, a most deliberate and barefaced attempt at fraud popped up in New York. It was the case of five-year-old Hyman Friedman. His mother brought suit for $50,000 against the R. H. Macy & Co. department store, contending that a delivery truck in 1923 had struck the perambulator in which the child was riding, upset it, and so injured him that he was deprived of speech.

The mother on the stand swore the boy had not talked since the accident. Seven physicians examined him and made vain efforts to surprise him into conversation. They failed. Supreme Court Justice Gibbs attempted to bring about a settlement. The store was ready to compromise. Then the unexpected happened. While Hyman played in a corridor outside the court, another youngster pinched him.

A court attendant rushed to his rescue.

"Who pinched you?" he asked.

"He did," said the supposed mute, pointing to a playmate. He had been carefully coached but the emotion of the moment was too much. The mother was held for perjury.

The fact that the perjury laws should be uniform in all States needs, of course, no debate. But the case of Hyman Friedman brings up one point that to me seems important. If the perjury had been undiscovered until the decision was rendered there might have been difficulty in some States in reopening the case. A trial judge should be empowered to set aside any verdict tainted by perjury. Mr. Edward A. Alexander of the New York Bar has argued very properly that if the dishonest litigant knew that any victory so obtained could be nullified, he would be very careful in endeavoring to obtain improper court decisions. Mr. Alexander recommends adoption nationally of the Missouri statute which provides specifically for the setting aside of verdicts induced by perjury.

Magistrate Corrigan of New York has been the leader in the fight to have perjury made a misdemeanor rather than a felony. He framed the bill which has twice been defeated in the Legislature there, and in it is found the fruits of twenty years on the bench. He has won many conservative jurists, prosecutors and private attorneys to his plan and it is quite possible that, amended or in present form, it will be passed during the next session. Cer-

(Please Turn to Page 195)

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Why I Am Leaving the Stage

ANONYMOUS

After three years in the theatre the author is saying farewell, a little regretfully but none the less finally. The reasons which he gives for that decision must disturb all those who love the play

COURSES in the theatre are being offered by almost every college and university in the country today. These, augmented by the presentation of plays by dramatic clubs and the production of elaborate musical shows by other undergraduate organizations, have led an ever-growing number of college graduates to consider the theatre as a possible career. I considered it, on receiving a degree from an Eastern university three years ago, with the result that I came to New York to enter the profession. Now, having further considered it at closer range and from other angles, I am getting out.

The theatre had always had a tremendous appeal for me which was enhanced by my associations with it in college and the study of dramatic literature. Stage struck? Yes, to some extent, as is every one who goes into the theatre, but I considered the matter from more rational angles too. I had no desire to be an actor: I hoped, eventually, to write, and association with the theatre from the inside would, I was certain, help fit me to write for the theatre as no other one thing could. It offered a means of earning a livelihood in stimulating surroundings. It would satisfy my love of the artistic, and the uncertainty, the constant change, would obviate the possibility of getting into a rut. It represented, in addition, a world entirely apart from any I had known and was, therefore, alluring. And I had some knowledge of the technical end of the stage which should prove of value in getting a start.

Now, after three years, I have decided to take my theatre from the other side of the footlights. I am going into another line of work which, at least at the moment, does not appeal to me half so much.

Not because of the statements of the pessimists that the theatre is on its death-bed. There are more actors and actresses out of work, and more vacant theatres than ever before, to be sure, but there are many more actors and actresses and theatres. There are more "flops," but more plays are being produced: the average continues to be one success to three failures. This has been a bad season, we are told, but any season is bad when one is out of a job.

I hate to leave the theatre; I am far more enthusiastic about it than about the business I am entering; I am still as stage struck as when I entered it, but that is the only reason left for continuing in it. Every atom of intelligence, every grain of common sense, advise, command a hasty exist. So I am getting out now, before it is too late.

Why?—when the first, the hardest struggle, is over?—when I am getting to know a few producers and directors and agents?—when I am beginning to know something about my business? These years have been difficult ones, for me as for every beginner. But I was prepared for rebuffs, disappointments, and discouragements, and, somehow, managed to get through. And it seemed to me that I was progressing quite as rapidly as, judging by the experience of others, I had any right to expect.

Perhaps I had an ultra-romantic idea of the theatre, but I doubt if I differed from most of the young people who feel the call of the stage. I entered the theatre to learn what made drama "come across;" in a very short time the stage, not the drama, became my paramount interest. That shift of objectives took perhaps three months to accomplish: it required three years to penetrate the glamour and assay the stage at its true value.

THE NEWCOMER to the theatre is fascinated by the stories and reminiscences of those who have been in it for some time. Any one who has been on the stage for a few years has an assortment of tales full of interest and humor for the novitiate. Great names are bandied about familiarly, and one is given a sense of being on the "inside" on portentous occasions. Glamourous figures out of the past are brought forth and made to stand before one as human beings with all their intimate foibles and idiosyncrasies. After these tales, the experiences of old friends in selling bonds or insurance are drab indeed. The conviction grows that the world of business is a dull one. Gradually, from being on the fringe of the world of the stage, one gets a sense of being accepted, of being a part of it.

But not wishing to lose touch completely with my old friends and former interests, I tried bringing the old and the new together. And, somehow, it didn't seem to work. My friends of the theatre seemed at a loss outside their own circles. And my college friends did not quite know how to approach these others. The tales of the theatre that had so intrigued me seemed somehow flat and dry in other surroundings. I very soon gave up trying to mix the two circles.

AS I GREW to be more a part of the theatre I saw my old friends less frequently, and each time their interests seemed more foreign to mine. When, as frequently happened, their conversation touched on the theatre, I was at home. When they drifted to other subjects I hardly participated, because I was bored. Until eventually it occurred to me that perhaps I was wrong. Politics, sport, world news, even art and music—on all these I had become a blank. My mind had become centered on one thing, the stage, and such was its domination that it left no room for any other interests.

I tried analyzing the conversations of groups of stage folk. Invariably they resolved themselves into the same routine: the plays that were going into rehearsal or being projected, the new plays that had opened, the people who had opened in them, the latest gossip, and then, always, stories, reminiscences. "When I was with—," "When I was in—," and so on *ad infinitum*. The followers of any of the arts are concerned primarily with their own field, but no professional or artistic class ever talked shop so constantly as do the people of the stage. No group has such limited interests, such single-track minds. And nothing in the world can be so boresome, so dull, as to hear, hour after hour, week after week, the old refrain, "Did I ever tell you about the time I was—." One's mind is stultified, one's vision blinded, to any person, any event, which is not allied with the theatre. No ancient god, no jealous mistress ever demanded—and received

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—the whole-souled, single-minded allegiance and blind faith the theatre does. And this idol worship grows on one gradually, unsuspected. Because one loves the theatre, it cannot demand too much—and all that it demands is given willingly, gladly.

The traditions of the theatre are strong, and reverently observed, and, in most cases, justly so. But it is irksome, to say the least, to be kept sitting at rehearsal hour after hour, watching scenes and acts in which one is not concerned, being done over and over and over again. But to suggest that you might enjoy being out in the air rather than in a damp and gloomy theatre, or that you might have some other use to which that time could profitably be put, is treason. "If you were interested in your job, you'd want to stay here to learn what you can," regardless of the fact that the scene is being rehearsed for the hundredth time because the star cannot remember which foot he must lead off with, or the leading woman is trying to adjust her movements so that she will not trip over the train of her gown. "When I was new in the theatre they couldn't keep me away from rehearsals," says the leading man, who was new in the theatre thirty years ago, and who will never, if he rehearses six months, know his lines. Traditions, customs, are the excuses for the avoidance of anything that might mean change or the exercise of a little common sense to relieve conditions that are unnecessary and wholly ridiculous. Far from being free-thinking, broad-minded liberals, the folk of the theatre are perhaps the most hide-bound conservatives to be found anywhere.

In many lines of work the young college man finds a certain prejudice against him, due to a feeling of the older men that here is some one who, merely because he has spent four years in a university, feels himself already qualified to direct the workings of the universe. Whether that prejudice is well-founded or not, it has been my observation that college men, in any line of work, do not make a point of the fact that they happen to hold some degree or other. But in the theatre, that is not enough: your college man finds it wise to keep the fact a deep, dark secret. My fraternity pin and all the other emblems I had proudly acquired as an undergraduate went to join my extra collar buttons at the back of the top right dresser drawer within a week after I started on my first engagement. The epithet, "college boy," has never appealed to me, and for three years I have done my best to forget that I ever saw a stadium or a fraternity house. Fortunately I did not attend Professor Baker's school at Yale—that it seems, is almost impossible to live down, despite the fact that a Philip Barry and a Eugene O'Neill have come from Dr. Baker.

The control of the theatre is largely in the hands of those who own the playhouses. These men are theatrical producers only incidentally—primarily they are realtors who happen to specialize in theatrical real estate, and they produce plays in order to keep their theatres tenanted. To them the people of the stage are a convenience, a means to an end. Perhaps, with their native racial cunning, they realize that there must be something wrong with any one who would choose the theatre as a means of livelihood. Consequently, their treatment of actors and actresses is not surprising. So successful have they been that their tactics have been aped by most of the other managers, particularly by those "shoe-string" producers who have become so numerous in recent years.

Because a man has ridden in an automobile, he does not feel himself qualified to start manufacturing them. Yet a good many producers seem to feel themselves qualified for their positions by the fact that they have seen a play. And, conditions in the theatre being as they are, such a man, providing he has a play he intends to produce, and enough money to pay salaries for two weeks—and often not enough for that—is as important, to the individual actor, as any producer on Broadway.

I know of no field where the possession of money does not endow a man with more prestige than he would enjoy without it. But I doubt if there is any field where so little money entitles a man to demand such obeisance, homage, and respect for everything, from his brains to his telephone number, as in the theatre. Regardless of the fact that he may not be able to differentiate between Sophocles and Sam Shipman, the manager is the final arbiter in the production of his play, and rare indeed is the one who will leave the staging of it entirely in the hands of the director he hires. And this conviction of omniscience extends itself from him to every one connected with him, from his backers to his office boy.

It is this angle which is particularly unbearable for the young man who goes on the stage. Not because he is averse to taking orders, nor because he feels that he himself "knows it all," but because he resents—as who would not?—the arbitrary assumption of authority, knowledge, and taste by some one whose opinions, culture, and intelligence cannot command his respect. This condition, although unpleasant for the actress also, is not so bad for her as for the actor. This type of producer will always—unless the woman be extremely unattractive—treat her with a sort of pseudo-respect, since he sees her always as a woman as well as an actress.

This is not intended as an exposé of the pitfalls and temptations of the stage—I know of almost no cases where the young woman has not had discrimination enough to refuse any such proposition if it were made, and intelligence enough to lose nothing by her refusal. But with each female member of his cast looming before him as a possible conquest, the producer will at least trouble to be polite. There is no such inducement as regards the men. With them, unless they happen to be quite important, the inferiority complex, manifesting itself as superiority, can be and is given free rein. The most trivial request may be met with "I'm the boss here. No actor's gonna tell me what to do."

This mode of treatment, more than any other one thing, may account for the scarcity of young men of breeding and refinement in the theatre. Unused to association with, still less to domination by this type of man, they resent it and refuse to accept it; their only alternative is to get out of the theatre. Among the women of the theatre, I have met many who were charming, cultured, intelligent; among the young men that type is rare.

If I seem merely a snob and one who does not get along with men, think for a moment of the personages of the stage, those who have achieved success, stardom. Recall, if you can, a half dozen American actors who can compare in achievement, artistry, personality,—and drawing power and salary—with our leading actresses: Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Ina Claire, Helen Hayes, Alice Brady, Katherine Cornell, to name but a few. And this state of affairs has not always existed. Until the last decade or so, men stars were quite as numerous as women and quite as

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important: the Sotherns, Robert Mantell, John Drew, Henry Miller, Holbrook Blinn, down to John Barrymore, the last really important male star the American theatre has known. E. H. Sothern retired only last season, and Barrymore is in the movies, but where are the younger men to take their places? They may be going on the stage—as many young men are going on the stage now as ever before—but they are not staying. Love for the theatre cannot completely overwhelm common sense, and self-respect does not admit of their staying under present conditions.

THERE ARE, connected with the theatre, a goodly number of casting agents, whose function is, supposedly, to bring actor and part together. Since each actor is a more or less highly specialized entity and as every production presents certain peculiar problems in casting, the theatrical agent has a somewhat more important part to fulfill than the ordinary employment agent. The agents, moreover, make a practice of signing up various players to three or five-year contracts, giving the agent the exclusive right to represent the actor, for which the latter is guaranteed —usually—a minimum number of weeks' employment a year—twenty as a rule—and a minimum salary.

This sort of contract means most and is most helpful to the young actor or actress who is struggling desperately to get a foothold in the profession. Even so slight a guarantee against the uncertainties of working would mean much to thousands of young people in the profession. But are they the ones who receive these contracts? Taking their cues, apparently, from the producers, the agents regard every newcomer as a reprehensible culprit and do everything in their power to discourage them. Not until one has made a conspicuous success, been noticed by the critics, perhaps, do the agents begin to take notice. Then what a different atmosphere have the casting offices! Even the office boy's condescension becomes consideration, and the telephone operator's superiority, politeness. For now, having obtained a hearing unaided and having been rewarded with some measure of success, the actor is useful to the agent; it will not be difficult to find parts for him. Thus instead of attempting to discover and develop likely, unknown talent, which his own interests would seem to demand that he do, the agent takes the opposite course until the fledgling has developed his own wings; then, when possibilities have become near certainties, the agent is on hand, ready with a contract, eager to guide the career that no longer needs guiding.

Since ancient Greece the theatre has been classed as one of the arts, and it was a feeling which I interpreted as an artistic urge which led me to the stage. But perhaps the time has come for a reclassification, for certainly there is little more art in the New York theatre today than in the decoration of hog troughs. There are perhaps a half dozen New York producers who will consider a play that makes a pretense of having some artistic merit; the others have no scruples about rejecting such a manuscript for no other reason than that "It's too damned arty."

IN THE STRUGGLE to eke out a decent living, one soon learns to follow the example of the producers and consider primarily theatrical effectiveness—or what managers consider theatrical effectiveness—and let "art" take care of itself. Here is one of the faults of the American theatre which cannot be laid wholly at the door of the producer: the public must take a large share of the blame. But no one but the producer is responsible for most of the cheap, trashy, badly-written things that are put on and last but a week or two. Dozens of them appear every season which are an insult to the intelligence and good taste of audiences and players. "But look at 'Abie's Irish Rose'" is the slogan of the producer. "Nobody gave it a chance—and that was a lousy play, too." "Abie" has probably been responsible for the production of more bad plays, and the loss of more good money than any other factor in the past twenty years. Because it was a bad play—and the manager does not stop to consider wherein it was bad and where good—he will put on any bad play that seems to contain enough hokum, on the long shot that it may "click." After being with a few of these flagrant examples of all that a play should not be, one wonders if there is a law against good taste and common intelligence in the theatre.

FINALLY, I looked at the older men in the profession—the men over forty. What did the theatre mean to them? What had they gained from life? I looked at the actors who were considered successful, who had achieved the honor of being featured. They commanded good salaries, when they worked—but they worked less every year. They had—or they should have had—the satisfaction of having given fine performances of real, living parts in great plays—two or three times in their careers. And what did it mean to

(Please Turn to Page 190)

Ewing Galloway

THE GREAT WHITE WAY
Mecca of the Stage Struck

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The Efficient Farmer

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The farmer, it seems well to emphasize at this time, has not lagged behind industry in applying modern devices to his acres. Quite the contrary, as the author proves, it is his greatly increased productivity that largely accounts for the farm problem

IN MANY discussions of the agricultural problem there is an implication that the inefficiency of the average farmer is at the bottom of all the trouble, and that the way out, as one of the farmer's critics puts it, lies in "encouraging those sound business methods in agriculture which have developed many of our other industries into their dominant world position." What the farmer needs to do, then, is to go to the business man, consider his ways, and be wise.

Now, many who have watched the successful business man try his hand at farming and attempt to apply the well-tested methods of his vocation to agriculture will be skeptical of this theory. Some practical business men have made money at farming; Henry Ford is an oft-cited example. But more often than not they have found their farms useful devices for reducing their income taxes. A story is told of one of these agricultural neophytes, which may not be literally true, but which nevertheless fits hundreds of cases. He invited some city friends to his place for a week-end, and as they sat down to dinner he asked, "Gentlemen, which shall it be, milk or champagne? They cost me the same."

With the aid of data compiled by the Department of Agriculture, the Census Bureau and the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and especially with the index numbers of production recently prepared by Dr. Edmund E. Day, Dr. E. Dana Durand, and Mr. Woodlief Thomas, it is now possible to gauge the efficiency of the American farmer, not with minute accuracy but closely enough to permit some comparison of his performance with that of factory, mine, and railroad workers. These index numbers show the variations in the average output per worker for each of these groups during the last quarter of a century, and they are the best available yardstick for measuring relative changes in efficiency.

It is not necessary here to give a detailed account of how these index numbers were prepared, except to point out that in order to eliminate accidental conditions, such as crop failures or business booms and slumps, comparisons were made, so far as data permitted, of three-year averages instead of single years. The statistical survey then shows that between the first triennium (1898-1900) and the last (1924-1926) the average output per worker increased as follows: In agriculture, 47 per cent; in manufacturing, 47 per cent; in transportation, 56 per cent; and in mining, 99 per cent.

The large increase indicated for mining is due to the inclusion of petroleum production. To extract petroleum requires a relatively small amount of labor, and the huge increase in its output in recent years has consequently expanded the average mineral production per worker.

The really significant thing shown by these figures is that, in so far as improving his individual productivity is concerned, the farmer since 1900 has been keeping well abreast of factory and railway workers. Indeed, down to the end of the World War, the output per worker was increasing more rapidly in agriculture than in manufacturing. Since the War, however, technical progress has been greater in manufacturing. It is not strictly accurate, then, to say that agriculture has been keeping abreast of industry; it actually forged ahead, and industry only recently has caught up with it.

Ewing Galloway

THE TRACTOR INCREASES PRODUCTIVITY

Breaking land in California by means of tractor-pulled plows

It is needful to remember that data covering such a wide field of operations are subject to a considerable margin of error and should be regarded as approximations rather than close measurements. The fact that the index numbers show identical gains for both agriculture and manufacturing in the period studied should not be taken too literally. What is really indicated is that the inefficiency of farmers, so often taken for granted in discussions of the agricultural problem, is largely a myth. With all the improvements in industry through "rationalization," that is, through the application of scientific method to factory organization, the farmer has not yet been left in the lurch.

It is important also to bear in mind that an increase in the output per worker, while denoting a gain in the efficiency of the industry as a whole, does not always mean a gain in the personal efficiency of the rank and file. A new machine may simplify operations and require less skill from the operator than the device it displaces. For obvious reasons this is more likely to be true in manufacturing than in agriculture, where the routine of the factory is impossible. Greater output per farm worker over a period of years, therefore, almost certainly means a gain in personal efficiency.

There are, of course, incompetents among farmers as among other groups, and there are regions in which agriculture is still backward and almost primitive, but these do not vitiate the conclusions which have been drawn from a survey of the farm groups as a whole. The farmer, like the manufacturer and the railway manager, has been adopting labor-saving devices and utilizing the results of research. In the wheat belts the binder and reaper, which has held sway since the Civil War, is now yielding place to the combine, which cuts and threshes the grain in a single operation and is said to have taken ten cents off the cost of raising a bushel of wheat. The corn belt is now trying out a cornpicker and husker which may reduce production costs and eliminate the drudgery of husking sev-

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eral billion bushels of corn each year. The automobile, the motor truck, the tractor, the hard-surfaced road, the demonstration agent, the agricultural press, the experiment station, and the agricultural college have all helped the farmer to increase his productivity.

The number of motor vehicles in proportion to population in agricultural States like Iowa and Kansas is roughly double the number in industrial States like New York and Pennsylvania. From 1924 to 1927 the total value of all the farm implements and equipment manufactured yearly in the United States increased 42 per cent, the number of farm tractors manufactured in this period increased 67 per cent, and the number of combines, which were just coming into general use in 1924, increased 200 per cent. These figures certainly do not point to retrogression in American agriculture. If the farmer today is depressed, it is not because of his failure to utilize modern devices for increasing the fruits of his labor.

Indeed, the greater productivity which has followed the adoption of these improved methods accounts largely for the present farm problem. Strange to say, overproduction in agriculture is often regarded as lack of progress, while in other lines it is likely to be attributed to too rapid progress. It is true that the farmer is less able to correct the effects of overproduction than are most other producers, but if a bumper crop sends prices below the cost of production the fault may be nature's rather than his. He cannot shut down his plant or work on part-time until his surplus is reduced as the manufacturer can.

Dr. Durand estimates that the number of farmers in the United States is practically the same now as at the beginning of the Twentieth Century. The increase of the present rural population through the excess of births over deaths has been estimated at more than 400,000 a year. A stationary farm population thus indicates a yearly migration of nearly half a million people from farms to the cities. Calculations by other methods arrive at approximately the same figure. This exodus from the country has been widely lamented as indicating not only a lack of efficiency in our agriculture but even perhaps a deterioration in the farming personnel. For several reasons such a dismal view is untenable:

Ewing Galloway

HARVESTING WITH A COMBINE

This machine cuts and threshes the grain in a single op eration

1. Although there are no more farmers in the United States now than in 1900, the same number today, as shown by the index of agricultural productivity, have an output 47 per cent larger than at the beginning of the century.

2. If the half million men, women, and children who leave the farms yearly were to stay there, the problem of agricultural overproduction would be more acute than it now is, or else the productivity of the average farmer would be reduced with a consequent lowering of his standard of living, and perhaps the eventual emergence of an American peasantry.

3. The farmers who migrate cityward each year are seeking to better their living conditions. Presumably they increase their purchasing power by this change. At the same time they cease to be producers and become possibly larger consumers of farm products. By every reasonable inference this migration should improve the market for agricultural commodities and help those who stay on the farms.

The loss of rural population does not mean that the farmer is inefficient and losing out in the struggle for existence. It does not mean national disaster; it has really saved agriculture from disaster. Much of the rural emigration today corresponds to the new industrial phenomenon known as technological unemployment. From 1923 to 1927 with the introduction of new labor-saving devices, factory employment in the United States declined about five per

(Please Turn to Page 195)

Ewing Galloway

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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The Trend of Events

Battle Over Books

THE current book-club battle brings out two questions, among others. Will the clubs standardize American literary tastes? Will they be harmful to the book business in general? The bulk of evidence supports the answer, "Probably not."

To standardize tastes, a limited number of clubs must sell most of the books that are sold. Excluding pamphlets, textbooks, and children's books, Americans buy about 100,000,000 books annually; last year the number disposed of by clubs was about 2,000,000. But the book-club business will grow? So will the number of book-clubs, and, with many clubs in the field, the element of individual taste plainly remains. Moreover, book clubs have been functioning full blast in Germany for ten years without any noticeable standardization of minds.

In fact, the number of book titles in Germany is rising. So with the amount of sales and number of stores. So, in all probability, with the number of successful authors. When, as in this country, 100,000,000 books are sold yearly to 120,000,000 people, it is obvious that the field has hardly begun to be exploited. While clubs may be diverting some trade from the bookstores, they reach many who otherwise would not buy books; many of these will become customers of bookstores.

By their very protests, booksellers indicate that they have already been helped by the book clubs—they have been put on their toes. Besides the resolution condemning clubs, the American Booksellers' Association in its Boston convention adopted another for a survey of the entire book trade by the Harvard Research Bureau, another urging an advertising campaign by booksellers and publishers "to reawaken interest in the printed page," and still another asking publishers to co-operate with the Booksellers' Board of Trade in a study of all the problems of the book business.

To this extent they have adopted the course suggested at the Boston convention by Roger W. Babson, financial expert. "Build up your own business," he said. "If people want book-clubs, they will prosper. If they don't, they will peter out. There is nothing to do about them. My advice is to let them alone and put more creative ideas, vision, and acumen into developing your own industry."

Air Rivalry

THE FORD-GENERAL MOTORS rivalry has gone abroad. It has even ascended into the clouds. Let General Motors announce that its new automobile plant near Antwerp, Belgium, is nearly completed; Ford buys a site at Edgewater, N. J., at which to assemble Ford parts and load ships for the export trade, and his son Edsel bends a silver ceremonial spade in his eagerness to break ground for a $25,000,000 Ford plant in England, designed to supply Britain with 300,000 cars yearly and to furnish parts for the Continent.

Wide World

WINS FLYING CROSS

Lieut. A. J. Williams honored "for extraordinary achievements" in air

A few weeks ago the Ford Company, largest in the skies, announced a slash in prices on airplanes. The public looked inquiringly at General Motors. With a characteristic flourish that organization has leaped into the aircraft field; it has acquired virtual control of the Fokker Aircraft Corporation, Ford's runner-up. That Ford-General Motors competition will mean much to the future of aviation seems assured. Last year 4,346 planes were produced in the United States. Hereafter the annual output is likely to be much larger.

Such developments as these may be more meaningful, though they attract less attention, than long hops or even such speed and stunt flying as that for which Lieutenant A. J. Williams was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, though distance flights, speed tests, and stunting, when properly conducted, make important contributions to the practical side of air travel. The Graf Zeppelin's second attempt to reach the United States from Germany indicated that there is still much to be done on this side. That it was able to land safely, with four of its five engines stalled, may have been due to good fortune as well as to the undoubted skill of its skipper and the cooperation of French air officials.

Diesel-Engined Plane

QUITE A FLURRY appears to have been caused at Langley Field, Virginia, at a meeting of the National Advisory Council on Aeronautics when a Diesel-engined airplane owned by the Packard Motor Company of Detroit descended after a 650 mile flight. The Diesel engine is not a new development—hundreds of merchant ships, even ocean liners, are driven by Diesel engines. Nor is the Diesel engine wholly new in the air, a number of workers having attempted more or less successfully for several years to use engines of this type in airplanes. What is news is the length of the Diesel-engined plane's flight and the perfect performance of the engine.

A Diesel engine is inherently about twice as economical of fuel, gallon for gallon, as an ordinary gasoline engine; moreover it burns a low grade of fuel which is cheap. Compounded, these two factors cut the fuel cost of the Packard plane's 650 mile trip from about $24, the estimated cost had gasoline been used, to $4.68. The Diesel engine quite closely resembles a gasoline engine—there are the same cylinders, pistons, and cranks, but the fuel is ignited by compression without any "spark." When any gas is compressed it is thereby heated, for the heat originally in it stays there and is also "compressed,"

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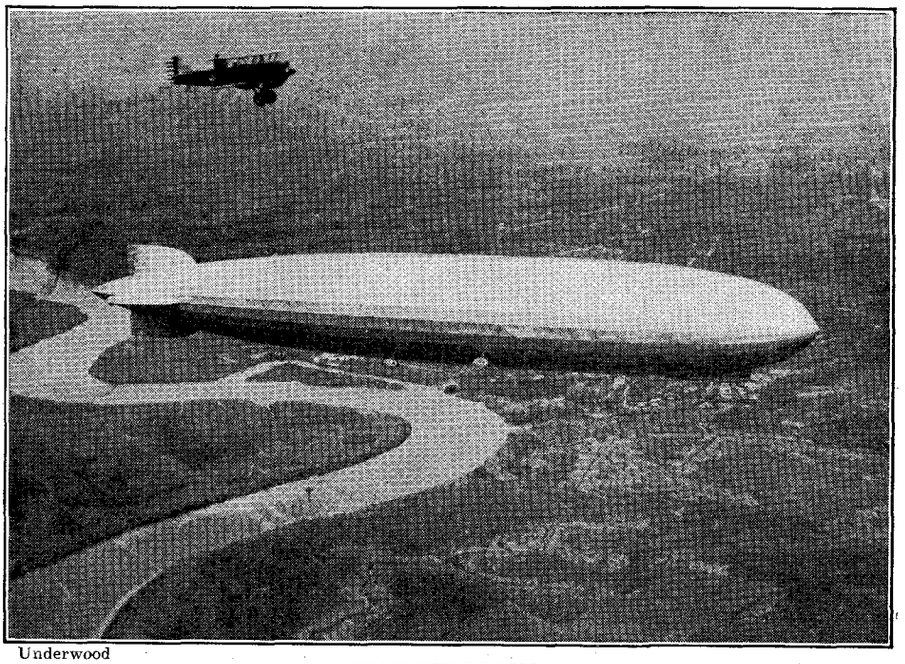
the temperature multiplied. Thus a bicycle pump becomes heated. Compressed sufficiently the vaporized fuel reaches the high temperature of combustion and is exploded. The spark of the ordinary gasoline engine is thus dispensed with in the Diesel engine. Incidentally this means that the airplane can listen in with its wireless during flight, whereas the sparks of the ordinary engine, so near by, prohibited this.

Heretofore Diesel engines have been too heavy for airplanes; it is only a few years since the Germans reduced their weight enough to use them even in motor trucks. The whole evolution has been a matter of designing a light enough yet strong enough Diesel engine for airplanes, and it looks as if it were almost here for general use. When it comes, cruising range will be greatly increased. The effect of this on commercial flying, exploration flights, and war is likely to exceed one's first expectations.



Underwood

GRAF ZEPPELIN

Forced to land in France on second attempt to fly from Germany to the United States

▶▶*Toward Golden Shores*

AMERICAN INDUSTRY chugs full steam ahead for El Dorado, according to the report of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, an outgrowth of the 1922 President's Conference on Unemployment. Launched on no uncharted sea, industry is merely sailing farther and faster than ever before.

We who willy-nilly are embarked upon the voyage are assured that the destination is even better than the trip. If almost every one now has a job, every one shortly will have an easier job. If nearly every one now has leisure, every one will have it soon. Not almost all, but all, children will go to school. Not merely one person in five, but every person, will own an automobile; every one will whiz over more miles of better roads to larger tourist camps. Motion pictures will be shown in every, rather than every other, block. Radios now as common as vacuum cleaners will become as common as brooms. Wages will go still higher; the cost of living will continue to decline.

Let the principles that have brought us thus far be still more urgently applied, argues the report, and economic bliss will come still nearer. We have steered toward Utopia by supplying human wants. We can approach it by continuing to do so. The desires of mankind are happily inexhaustible. Those who do not own convertible coupés, electric refrigerators, and matched golf clubs want to. Those who do, want new ones. Alternately satisfied and dissatisfied, the consuming public will put the idle to work and thus add to the cravings upon the satisfaction of which the prosperity and welfare of all depend.

Such a voyage, of course, requires good skippers. The report specifies "a general knowledge of the relations of the parts [of our economic system] each to the other." The "principle of equilibrium" must be scrupulously observed. Otherwise the ship in which we ride may list, limp, even sink. Natural resources must not be wasted, as they are. Money in quantity must not be taken out of production for speculation, as it is. Management and labor cannot neglect their common interest, as they have done. One group must not develop a method of artificial price advancement detrimental to another, as many happen under a biased tariff.

The need for economic equilibrium is unquestionably great. No less is the need for human equilibrium. Can humans maintain poise and perspective in such a community as has been visioned? On this point the report is silent.

▶▶*Bargains in Visas*

FRANCE HAS a furrow in her brow. Around her, German and Italian hands reach out to sprinkle salt on the tail of that migratory fowl of golden eggs, the American tourist. As T. R. Ybarra pointed out in the April 24 issue of the Outlook and Independent, the supremacy of Paris as the capital of Turistia is threatened. Fewer Americans visited France in 1928 than in 1927 or 1926.

What to do? One wise and welcome move, made by the French Government, has been greeted joyously by French business men and American travelers as well. The visa fee has been reduced from $10 to $2 and its life extended from one to two years. This fee, added to other special taxes levied on foreigners by France, made that country an expensive one to visit, especially for families traveling on small budgets; it is estimated that to Americans alone the reduction will mean an annual saving of two million dollars.

It is to be hoped that this agreement, reciprocal between France and the United States, will prove to be a decisive step in the direction of a visa-less Europe. Surely the war is far enough in the past so that its red tape, including visas, may be discarded. We have forgotten meatless days and wheatless bread; why should we have to remember passports?

▶▶*Birth Control*

A MONTH AGO two doctors and three nurses were haled to a New York police station, charged with dispensing information in violation of the law at a Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau. Now that the charges against them have been

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dismissed, directors of the Clinic feel that it has been vindicated as a valuable public health service. To some extent the indignation aroused by the raid on the Clinic may be ascribed to the high-handed manner in which it was conducted, particularly to the seizure of confidential files. Nevertheless, the attitude of the New York press and public has indicated recognition of the wisdom of disseminating birth control information in accordance with the New York law, which specifies that such information may be given for medical reasons.

Margaret Sanger, founder of the Birth Control League, believes that the court's decision has put the birth control movement many years ahead. Certainly the publicity attending the case has lifted the conspiracy of silence surrounding legally-established clinics of this nature. Their worth in the cure and prevention of disease, recognized by law, lately has been much discussed. It seems likely that public sentiment in their favor, as well as public opposition to such police methods as were exhibited in the New York raid, will continue to grow.

▶▶*Within the Gates*

A LITTLE GLEEFULLY, perhaps, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment estimates that, counting both enforcement expenditures and loss in revenue, the American people last year paid a dry bill of $936,000,000—$54,000,000 more than the Government received from individual income taxes.

Round sums, these, but they fail to stagger Deets Pickett, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. He has rounder ones. For want of opportunity to spend money on intoxicants, Americans have been saving approximately $4,000,000,000 a year, he says. The indirect saving from increased efficiency and sobriety, he adds, amounts to as much more. Nine (prohibition's age) times eight billions (total annual saving) equals seventy-two billions, or $600 for every person in the United States. Mr. Pickett is standing broad claim champion for 1929.

On the whole, recent prohibition developments have had a familiar hue. Wisconsin moved a stage nearer theoretical wetness when the Legislature passed a bill repealing the State's prohibition act. Virginia citizens have asked Governor Byrd to investigate the killing of a student at Emory and Henry College by law enforcement officers. Senator Copeland sponsors a measure appropriating $25,000 for the heirs of Jacob Hansen, fatally wounded by coast guardsmen near Niagara Falls, New York, a year ago. The newly organized Women's Moderation Union announces plans to support wet candidates for office and to conduct a wet campaign of education among women. Canadian export statistics indicate that the smuggling of liquor into the United States grows by leaps and bounds.

It had been generally understood that former Attorney General Wickersham would be chairman of Mr. Hoover's commission of eleven to investigate the enforcement of criminal law. He is acceptable to Bishop Cannon, it appears, despite his doubts regarding the Jones-Stalker law, doubts, incidentally, which are not shared by Representative Stalker, who can see no reason why his law "should be amended in any way."

Wide World

SENATOR EDGE OF NEW JERSEY
Slated to be American Ambassador to France

Fully as important as the commission's personnel is its scope. Will it be permitted to recommend the repeal or modification of the dry laws if investigation shows this to be advisable? For some reason or other, Mr. Hoover has shown little eagerness to make himself clear on this point.

▶▶*Without the Gates*

PREDICTIONS THAT American prohibition would be followed by world prohibition are not substantiated by current news. To be sure, Mexico makes cautious moves toward outlawing hard liquor, but it has no great quarrel with beer and wine. In large part, the campaign will follow lines familiar to Americans. Children will be given more or less scientific dry instruction, anti-alcohol leagues will be organized, dry movies exhibited, total abstinence pledges administered.

More to the point, recreational centers will be established, sports encouraged, and other steps taken to divert patronage from the saloon. The success of the drive may depend on how gradually and prudently the "gradual and prudent" contemplated measures are instituted. Moderation is not built in a day. Mexico, barely able to enforce its most rudimentary laws, scarcely could compel observance of stringent measures against intoxicants.

Wetter in practice, Mexico is no wetter in sentiment than Switzerland, which has just voted down a proposal permitting cities and towns local option on hard liquors. The defeat was overwhelming in every one of the twenty-four cantons, despite the fact that the proposal could not have affected beers and wines.

It is significant that prohibition is playing no part in the British campaign. Partly this is because Liberal, Conservative, and Labor candidates have been instructed to ignore the questionnaires from national propaganda groups. Again, bone-dry British organizations are prevented by law from employing campaign tactics used by similar groups in the United States. But the fundamental reason is that, while there is a demand for closer regulation, very little out-and-out prohibition sentiment exists in Great Britain. In some degree this is attributable to the lesson learned from prohibition in the United States.

▶▶*Law's Loopholes*

GOVERNOR GREEN of Michigan turns thumbs down on a bill providing electrocution, regardless of age, sex, or circumstances, for every person convicted of first-degree murder. The measure would not work, he says. In many cases it would be evaded; it would not affect the rich. "We put rich men in prison, but when it comes to electro-

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cuting them, it simply would not be done."

Such a statute would defeat swift justice. Charged with murder, a wealthy defendant would invoke every technicality of the law to save himself. It needs no proving that there are technicalities enough to make a long, and often effective, song and dance, when there is money to pay the piper.

Bluntly, Governor Green declares that there is no such thing as prompt justice in this country if able lawyers can be secured. He is not too blunt. It is idle to deny that the rich and influential, whether their brows be high or low, are frequently, if not customarily, privileged characters, who slip from the law's detaining arm with relatively light punishment or none at all.

Let the tale be adorned with the words of "Scarface Al" Capone, described as "Chicago's best-known gang leader," recently, and somewhat oddly, arrested in Philadelphia for carrying concealed weapons, and for the first time in his life sentenced to jail. Capone "went into the racket in Chicago four and a half years ago." Just now, he says, he is retired and living on his money.

He was asked whether he had been arrested before. "Once before," he replied, for "carrying concealed weapons in Joliet, Illinois." Had he done any time? "No." Hadn't he been arrested in New York? Yes, three or four years ago on suspicion of murder, but he had been discharged. He "was also arrested in Olean, New York, on a disorderly conduct charge," but was again discharged.

"You've never done any time anywhere?" his questioner persisted; and surely we may assume that the words were spoken in a tone of amazement.

"Not a minute," was the reply of "Chicago's best-known gang leader."

Emergency Legislation

THE NECESSITY OF debating a reapportionment and census bill in a special session of Congress called to enact "emergency legislation" reflects on our lawmakers' attitude toward the laws. A decennial census, and the reapportionment of State representation in the House in accordance with its results, are ordered by the first article of the Constitution. This should be a routine congressional procedure.

It has become an emergency matter only because of opposition based upon the narrowest sectional considerations. When the census of 1920 revealed an increase in urban at the expense of rural population, legislators from States likely to lose representation prevented a redistribution of seats that would have weakened their power. If they have their way, they will similarly prevent a reapportionment upon the basis of the 1930 census, which promises to disclose even greater shifts in population.

Since 1921 populous urban States of the Nation have been arbitrarily deprived of the influence in legislation to which they are entitled. Such issues as prohibition and immigration have felt the consequences of this. Legislative decisions upon these matters do not accurately represent the National will; in some degree, they represent the will of sections and classes which at present are enjoying unfair influence.

In the last regular session the House finally enacted a reapportionment measure which was filibustered to death by sectional opposition in the Senate. Now a similar, though not identical, measure has been reported to the Senate and has been given right of way over all other legislation. It is essential to the restoration of truly representative government. Until it is passed Congressmen who have been endeavoring to nullify one section of the Constitution will sound absurd in their constant demands for respect for other sections.

Remarkable Remarks

Man is a foolish thing and his life is made bearable by brevity.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Modern conceptions of the equality of the sexes are false because women are heaven-high above men. —DR. W. D. BUCHANAN.

Art is the purest thing in the world.—MORRIS GEST.

A man who laughs at his mother-in-law cannot have very much devotion to his wife.—REV. DR. WILLIAM CARTER.

What does a mere university matter when Christian principles are involved.—DR. T. T. SHIELDS.

The trouble with the fundamentalists is not that they are fundamentalists but that they are not fundamental enough.—REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE.

When people tell you there is more drinking now than there was before Prohibition, they simply do not know what they are talking about.—PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER.

Orange juice will bear watching. Stuff like that will get a man if he doesn't watch out. — HEYWOOD BROUN.

The Lord is with us democrats, but not often.—WILL ROGERS.

Prohibition is a God-send to this country.—CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR.

You can go plumb to hell.—AMBASSADOR DAWES.

Church-State Question

THE WELL-AGED Church-State question is being re-examined in at least four nations. The recent campaign made it a lively topic in the United States; prohibition and anti-evolution laws tend to keep it so. A noteworthy contribution to the debate on the subject comes from Episcopal Bishop Freeman of Washington, D. C.

Endorsing the traditional American doctrine, lately somewhat blurred in practice, of the separation of Church and State, he pointed out that whenever the Church, through organized effort, has departed from its spiritual function and attempted to control political action it has suffered in prestige. He would have the Church avoid efforts to dictate legislation or the choice of candidates; he would see it concentrate on principles, rather than on policies, and strive to maintain its place as conserver of things ethical and spiritual.

In America the question has been one of interference by the Church with the State; in Russia it is one of interference by the State with the Church. President Rykoff, of the Council of People's Commissars, now announces a constitutional amendment separating Church from State, and school from Church, and permitting religious practice as well as anti-religious propaganda. Russia's official fight on "religious fog" has not been abandoned. "Compulsory administrative measures against religion" will continue, Rykoff declares.

Hitherto, at any rate, efforts to discredit religion in Russia have failed spectacularly. The people have noted these efforts but have gone right on worshipping, a fact at which the authorities bound to enforce the constitutional provision against worship have chosen to blink hard. Rykoff now believes that

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the fight on religion can succeed only if linked with "deep penetration in the masses of scientific knowledge and culture." Granting his conditions, he may still be overstating his case. The bulk of historical evidence seems to support the view that a fight against religion is on all fours with a fight against breathing.

In Mexico and Italy

In Mexico, church bells are silent; religious exercises have been suspended. Thus the Catholic Church registers its protest against State measures limiting its authority—measures dealing with the registration and the nationality of priests, ownership of Church property, and religious teaching in primary schools.

Efforts to patch up the three-year-old quarrel beginning under President Calles and continuing under his successor, Portes Gil, were halted by the outbreak of the late revolution. They have since been resumed, with both sides in a mood to make concessions.

In Italy, all is not so brotherly between Church and State as might have been expected after the signing of the Lateran treaties to end the historic antagonism between the Vatican and the Government.

Premier Mussolini allowed a note of condescension and of sardonic levity irritating to Catholics to enter his recent three-hour speech on the treaties. Catholic protest flamed over his assertion of the State's exclusive right in education. The Premier has declared himself "intractable" on this point; Pope Pius has countered by announcing that on the opposing side of the same question he in turn is "completely intransigent."

The dispute revolves, not around the right of the Church to support its own schools, for that is admitted, nor around religious instruction in public schools, for despite some exemptions that is obligatory, but around the Church's right to establish such groups as the Catholic Boy Scouts, dissolved by Mussolini two years ago and absorbed by Fascism.

Though a controversy of this sort hardly could affect the ratification of the Lateran agreements, lately approved by the Chamber of Deputies with scarcely a dissenting vote, it is likely that as the implications of the treaties become plainer dissensions will break out afresh.

Theatre Holds On

Sound films, says Jesse Lasky, are destined to be the world's principal amusement. But, though his heart's in the talkies, he concedes that there will always be a place for fine plays; indeed, he believes that interest in the legitimate stage may be quickened rather than deadened, by talking films.

Certainly there is reason to believe that the American public is genuinely fond of the theatre. "Yes," it may be answered, "of 'Abie's Irish Rose'." As a matter of fact, the much-maligned "Abie," hackneyed of theme and stale of humor, was by no means bad theatre. In Anne Nichols' recently-dismissed

Topical Press Agency

"ABIE'S" CREATOR

Miss Anne Nichols loses her $3,000,000 suit against Universal Pictures Corporation

piracy suit against the producers of "The Cohens and the Kelleys," it was pointed out that Shakespeare used a somewhat similar plot in "Romeo and Juliet."

There is also a place for drama of a higher type. Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," not only won the Pulitzer Prize this year; it likewise has won the approval of the public. O'Neill's nine-act "Strange Interlude" has just closed after outlasting every other play of its season on Broadway, and has a notably successful company still on the road. Gordon Craig, producer and specialist in individualistic scenic designs, plans a lecture tour through the United States next fall. Doubtless he will find a wide audience awaiting him.

True, the "road" is in a slough, but this does not signify that the public is tired of the legitimate stage. Often, where professional theatres for one season or another are dark, Little Theatres are bright. The annual amateur play tournament—won this year by the Forest Hills, L. I., players—draws ambitious groups of contestants from all over the country, soundly backed by the interest and patronage of their home towns. The enterprise and popularity of these groups of themselves indicate that, though the future may belong to the talkies, it will not belong to them exclusively.

Pax Americana

The hoary Chile-Peru dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica settled, our State Department sighs with relief. Furthermore, it modestly thrusts a feather in its cap, though perhaps not a large one.

Our prestige had become deeply involved in this controversy. The failure of the mediation undertaken by President Harding and continued by President Coolidge, which called for a plebiscite under the supervision at one time of General Pershing, provoked sneers in Latin America. Realization of the consequences of failure led Secretary of State Kellogg to abandon efforts to impose a settlement and instead to undertake measures of conciliation. Last year, Chile and Peru were persuaded to resume long-disrupted relations. Patience is crowned at last.

The dispute, which has defied peacemakers since 1883, has now been settled by the two nations themselves—enlisting the "good offices" of President Hoover—in a manner possible from the first. Chile retains Arica, which it won in the War of the Pacific, and Tacna, with $6,000,000 to boot, has been turned over to Peru. Such troublesome matters as rights to mineral resources, railroads, and canals have been carefully examined with a view to mutual accommodation. The citizenship of the inhabitants is left largely for them to determine. Diplomats believe the settlement to be final; yet in case of future controversy a verdict made by an appointee of the President of the United States shall be decisive.

Land-locked Bolivia has had a stake in the dispute through its longing for a seaport. The importance of this economic need was suggested when Bolivia almost engaged in war with Paraguay over navigation rights to the Atlantic. If one sore spot in South America has been healed, another remains to draw the eye of diplomacy.

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In Brief

EXPERTS INFORM US how dangerous X-ray films may safely be stored in hospitals, but the outstanding lesson of the Cleveland disaster is that they never should be stored in hospitals when there are available storage places nearby, as there usually are . . . Several of Chicago's hotels have stopped serving "set-ups" to guests. That ends prohibition violations in that city . . . Senator Heflin wants to increase the farm-relieving revolving fund from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. After all, there is such a thing as loving the farmer to the point of breaking the First Commandment . . . Paul Muller, who came across the Atlantic in a twenty-five foot boat, has not yet told us why . . . Impeachment proceedings against Governor Long of Louisiana have been dropped, on the assumption that they were unconstitutional, and Huey is mighty happy. Somehow, he seems to have a notion that this amounts to an acquittal . . . The deaths of Edward Payson Weston, walker, and of Lilli Lehmann, prima donna, seem definitely to mark the end of an era . . . Dwight F. Davis, appointed Governor-General of the Philippines, is headed for a difficult job whose rewards are discouragingly small. The post demands the best talent available, and sometimes demands in vain . . . Commentators about to make the point that many 1929 college graduates are swell-headed might reflect that George Washington referred to collegians "rather too full of themselves" back in the Eighteenth Century.

Underwood

DWIGHT F. DAVIS

Former Secretary of War, will be Governor-General of the Philippines

The Week's Press Opinion

HAPPILY ALMOST all editorial writers have eschewed the use of the trite and obvious metaphor of the "honeymoon" in comment upon the signs of tension between President Hoover and Congress. In fact the metaphor was too obvious from the beginning to be true. It took too much for granted.

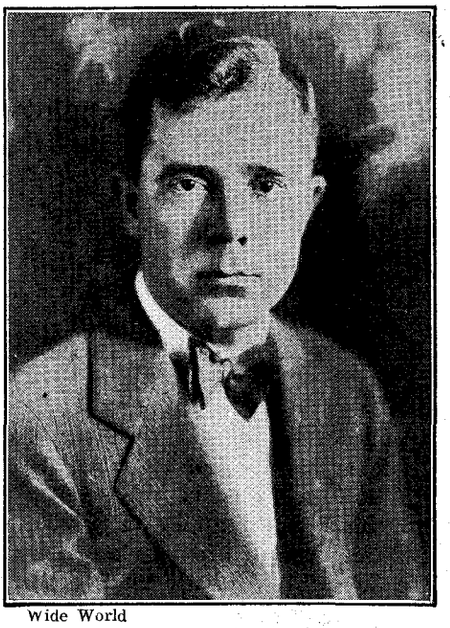
In our system of government and organization of parties, there is no place at election time for the wedding march and old shoes; there is no plighting of troth between executive and legislative. Each is quite free to do what seems best or most expedient. The difference is that one is governed by allegiance to the people as a whole, while the other is governed by allegiance to a multitude of limited constituencies.

Under that arrangement there is bound to be a period of watchful waiting followed by a test of strength between the public opinion of the Nation as a whole and the sum of hundreds of local sentiments and demands. The test has now begun.

This test is what the newspapers are watching now. If a President is a strong man, like Roosevelt or Wilson, he recognizes the advantage in his position, finds in what respect opinion is united throughout the country, and brings to bear the force of that concentrated opinion upon one special demand here and another there. To meet that Congress has to unite by compromise, one constituency, State, or section arranging with other communities, States, or sections for mutual concessions and mutual support.

The President has such advantage as comes from the dignity and prestige of a conspicuously National position. Congress has such advantage as may come from negotiation, log-rolling, backscratching, and intrigue. This is not to say that the President may not better his position by developing a really National sense now and then.

Both the Tariff Bill and the Farm Aid Bill furnish plenty of opportunity for a typical struggle between the two forces of Nationalism and Localism. And therefore the chief interest in the press is in watching how skilful and sagacious and forceful the new President is in discovering and using the



Wide World

HUEY P. LONG

Self-styled "governor of Louisiana by the grace of the people," released from impeachment charges

power that lies in his office for the encounter with Congress. That he has been challenged by Congress is plain. The debenture provision in the Senate Farm Bill is plainly a sectional demand; and the plan for a practically unlimited tariff revision in the House Tariff Bill is nothing but a network of local or special demands. On the whole the press of the country is with the President.

Senator Borah's support of the debenture plan has dramatized the struggle. Of course there are newspapers that take occasion to say that, however wrong Borah may be in approving an ill-disguised subsidy, as objectionable as the equalization fee which he formerly denounced, he is correct in upholding the right of the Senate to exercise its own judgment and his right to maintain the integrity of his own mind; but most newspapers are severe in commenting on the soundness of his judgment in delaying and confusing the program that the Special Session was called upon to enact.

The Senate we are told is "feeling its oats," it is "indulging its Narcissus complex," it is giving vent to "indefensible politics and prejudice." The suggestion is even made that the House take a recess and leave the Senate to weary and disgust the country. If farm relief is delayed and even prevented, the responsibility will, it appears, be laid, not at the doorstep of the White House, but on the desks of the Demo-

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crats and Insurgent Republicans of the Senate. There is only less, but not much less, distrust of what the House plans to do with the tariff. Indeed logrolling, it is suggested, may not only fail to bring about a really National tariff but may wreck all tariff legislation. There seems to be growing a feeling that adjustment of tariff rates one at a time by an administrative tariff commission responsible to the President would be better than the present tariff scramble. Bureaucratic though it might be, it would at least be "limited."

So far in the struggle between Congress and the President, Mr. Hoover is generally acknowledged to be in the better strategic position.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we learn, has taken his first defeats rather hard, and it is a season of complete disillusionment around the White House. The rejection of his farm program in the Senate, and at the hands of such recent comrades-in-the-corn-belt as Borah, Brookhart and Nye, was quite beyond his comprehension, and he has brooded on the strange spectacle to no avail, according to our informants. Much of this talk, we are told, has been of the need for closer co-operation between the executive and legislative arms, and he has expressed the wish that the Senate would pattern its conduct after that in the lower body, where the "dominance" demanded by Speaker Longworth has become unquestioning and undemocratic obedience to the White House. To our mind, the President's reaction to his first legislative reverse, which also happens to be the first serious setback of his long public career, is significant. We expect the House to be placid, the Senate rebellious, and so it is toward the White House that we turn, for the light which the presidential attitude may cast on coming events.

Frankly, we like Mr. Hoover's attitude, though we fear for him. He has not ranted or threatened or appealed to the people, as some of his predecessors were wont to do. He has maintained a dignified but hurt silence. Yet we feel he would have better success in his clashes with Congress if he moved actively to better relations instead of bewailing them in the intimacy of the White House study.

We do not wonder if now and then he finds himself badgered and bewildered. What must be his thoughts of Borah, who urged him to summon this special session and then quit him at the first smell of battle smoke; or of Borah's determination to block American entrance into the World Court in accord with the Root-Hurst agreement! How can the President reconcile David A. Reed's stalwart Republicanism with his refusal to permit repeal of the national origins law so much desired at the White House! Is it any wonder that Mr. Hoover grows confused as he ponders on the desertion of his fellow-Californian, Hiram Johnson; of Brookhart, his former spokesman; of Nye, for whose boyish enthusiasms the President once conceived a real affection!

More important, however, than Mr. Hoover's standing up in such adversity

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

Gulliver and the Lilliputians

is his method of dealing with rebellion. So far we note no real effort to smooth or soften the disaffected. For one thing, Mr. Hoover is unfortunate in that the patronage whip is pretty well frayed, since most worth-while jobs are already filled and it would not do to turn out deserving Republicans at this critical stage. Besides, he has found that insurgent Republicans do not respond to White House wheedling or favoritism. Just before Nye voted against the Administration on the debenture scheme, his candidate for an Assistant Attorney Generalship had been appointed by the White House, and it was the first time such an important post had been given to Nye's State. No pair of Senators have been so exalted and honored as Borah and Brookhart. Now, if these men will revolt in the face of such tender handling, how is a President to keep others in line? Mr. Hoover suffers from another handicap in dealing with recalcitrants. He never ran for office before he sought the presidency, and he cannot be expected to understand the pressure to which a desire for re-election subjects a repeating politician. Nye and many others, for instance, intended to stand by the Administration in the debenture battle, but they soon learned from the home folks that it would make for political longevity if they switched their stance. But there is an even greater obstacle that prevents Mr. Hoover from crushing insurgency. That is the realization, on his part as well as on the part of the Progressives, that for many years he took party ties no more seriously than they do now.

We hear there are other things disappointing to the President, notably what he regards as a lack of sympathy and co-operation by the press. Our informants tell us that Mr. Hoover cannot readjust himself to the new relations existing between himself and the newspaper men. In the past he has always had the cordial support of the press, but its disinterestedness on numerous recent occasions has troubled him. Though he has never asked for unquestioning support of his Administration, as did Coolidge when he besought the publishers to assume an "American" attitude, we hear he thinks the press should regard itself as an adjunct rather than a critic of the Administration. George Barr Baker, a close friend of the President and censor on the South American good-will tour, has explained the Hoover idea for us. Writing in "Editor and Publisher," Mr. Baker says that during the World War the correspondents who came within Mr. Hoover's radiant influence eventually succumbed to his appeal, and were changed from carefree, thoughtless purveyors of news into apostles of the Hoover policies. Life became grim and earnest, if not entirely real, according to Commander Baker. So it may be that some such pentecostal spirit will begin to work on the press and the irresponsible boys in the Senate. It might be a good thing, at that.

A. F. C.

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The President and Congress

An Editorial

MR. HOOVER proposes to attend to his own business, the press reports say, and to leave Congress to cultivate its garden. Then we may suspect that the President's education will be enlarged as he explores the historic boundaries of his kingdom.

What is the President's business?

What is the business of Congress?

How can these questions be answered, if answered at all? Partly at least, by reference to the writings of the Fathers, decisions of the Supreme Court, and practices of politics. And about as many answers can be found as there are writers on the subject—this, notwithstanding the rule for babes in the school-books that the power of government, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts, executive, legislative, and judicial.

The slogan, "Mind your own business," is of course sound. If we could all take our own advice, we might be happier. But very often the cry merely means "Let us alone."

No doubt the slogan will bring applause on occasion. I can remember, back in the dim middle ages of American history when Mr. Roosevelt was President, the ringing cheers which greeted an attack on "Theodore, the Meddler," for usurping the powers of Congress. Around the snowy table were florid-faced gentlemen in immaculate and expansive (and expensive) linen. Roosevelt had been withdrawing public lands from sale—to be sure under an act of Congress. He had been prosecuting the Northern Securities Company —to be sure under an act of Congress. And the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon sat enthroned in all his glory at the other end of the Avenue. At the aforesaid memorable dinner speakers raged against executive "usurpation" and insisted on a "return to proper constitutional practices." (It is strange that to many people most good things seem to be "returns," not "advances." Why is that?)

Verily, Mr. Roosevelt, like the man in Arkansas who said in an outburst of corn-whiskey enthusiasm that he could whip every man in Bill Pepper's saloon, had been "taking in too much territory." He flatly rejected the idea that a President could do merely the things he was expressly authorized to do by the Constitution—which certainly are not numerous. Quite to the contrary, he said that it was not only the President's right but his duty "to do anything that needs of the Nation demanded unless such action was forbidden by the Constitution or the laws." Then he went on to add that he acted "for the common well-being of all our people whenever and in whatever manner was necessary, unless prevented by direct constitutional or legislative prohibition."

At another dinner in New York, years later, I heard gentlemen in expansive (and expensive) linen thank God for a "strong executive," to check the populistic follies of Congress. That was after President Coolidge had vetoed the McNary Haugen Bill with a ringing, stinging message which showed considerable heat in the "Man of Iron."

Now to get down to the meat of the matter, there is no question that the Founding Fathers intended to give the President of the United States large and undefined powers to be used discreetly but forcefully from time to time with respect to many things. Alexander Hamilton put their views in a nutshell:

> Energy in the Executive is a leading character in the definition of good government. . . . Every man the least conversant with Roman history knows how often that republic was obliged to take refuge, under the formidable title of Dictator, as well against the intrigues of ambitious individuals who aspired to the tyranny and the seditions of whole classes of the community whose conduct threatened the existence of all government, as against the invasions of external enemies.

Hamilton did not say this behind the closed doors of the convention which drafted the Constitution. He put it in Number LXX of the "Federalist" as a public argument directed to the voters and designed to induce them to approve the new instrument of Government. Hence Mr. Hoover, in searching among the writings of the Fathers for the line which separates his power from that of Congress and for the boundaries of "his business," will discover things about as firm as the floor of the Serbonian Bog.

Practice does not settle anything either. Mr. Hoover may take for his model Zachary Taylor who made no promises and agreed to enforce the laws when, as, and if passed by Congress. He may look up the record of Andrew Jackson who destroyed the United States Bank in spite of Congress and told the Supreme Court that he took an oath to uphold the Constitution as he understood it, meaning not necessarily as judges interpreted it. Or the searching First Magistrate could with profit read a passage from Abraham Lincoln stating that, in his opinion, a President might constitutionally do things otherwise unconstitutional if they were necessary to save the Constitution! Should he want the more (or less?) authentic precedents of modern times as guides, he may select the course of President Wilson or President Harding, both presumably constitutional executives.

In other words, there is something in the separation of powers and the division of business, but nobody can find out exactly what it is. Basing a policy or an excuse for action or inaction upon it, is like relying on floating eiderdown. Certainly a venturesome President might work wonders constitutionally, set precedents as great as those established by Washington, and still find himself peering into the impalpable darkness on the outer borders of his shadowy realm. Many would cheer and many would object. Cheering or objecting would be a matter of whose ox is gored.

As to advice on this tender point, the President should consult, not his Attorney General, but Mr. William Rogers, one of our most realistic political thinkers, the popularity of whose judicial decisions is a high tribute to the intelligence of the American people and a pledge for the security of our Republic.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Professor Beard is the well-known historian. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, will be the next contributor

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Europe Fights Our "Talkies"

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

YEARS AGO, to the great disgust of European movie magnates, America conquered the European movie field. Now, faced with a similar conquest of Europe by the American talkies, Europeans are banding together against the common foe from across the water. At the present moment of writing the air is thick with rumors of combines and mergers, writs and counter-writs, suits and counter-suits, all having as their purpose the protection of Europe against the threatened American invasion.

In the vanguard of the anti-American movement are Germany and Great Britain—with France and other European countries either already involved in the coming struggle or showing strong signs of becoming so ere many days go by. As a result of the determined stand taken by German and British talkie interests it looks as if, in addition to Germany, Great Britain, and France, there soon would be an anti-American talkie front in Italy, Spain, and Sweden. And if the ball which the British and Germans have started rolling should continue to gather momentum there is a chance that all Europe, to say nothing of other continents outside America, might try to keep the American talkies from duplicating the world-wide victory won by the American movies.

The stand against American monopoly of the talkie market over here comes at a time when the talkies are enjoying immense popularity among European audiences. In England, for instance, the favor shown them by theatre-goers is taking on the proportions of a craze. Recently, in London, there were no less than eight movie theatres simultaneously showing talkie films—among which were several produced by England's dreaded American rivals. At all these theatres people had to be turned away every night.

So enormous is the interest of the British in talkies that it is predicted that British theatrical magnates are converting movie theatres into talkie theatres at the rate of one a day. It is predicted that, by next autumn, sound apparatus will be introduced at such a rapid rate that as many as ninety movie theatres will be converted monthly into talkie temples.

Of all the steps taken in Europe to combine against having American talkies swamp the European market none is so important as the recent combination of British and German interests involving one of the biggest British movie firms and a German concern which is the pioneer among German talkie enterprises. There are reports of plans for a five-million-dollar company to develop the talkie field in the British isles, in conjunction with a fifteen-million-dollar concern to exploit the European continent, beginning with Germany, Italy, Sweden, and Russia.

THE OPENING GUN in the anti-American campaign was the recent legal action brought by a German sound-film combine (with the benevolent co-operation of British interests) against a big American concern, challenging validity of film patents held by the Americans in England. This action aroused great interest, since, on its issue, depended the status of the American concern not only in Britain but in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Sweden. The action of the Germans instantly apprised those "in the know" that Europe had really made up its mind to combat the Americans and do its utmost to prevent them from making the European talkie market, like the European movie market, a mere appanage of the American home field—a dumping-ground for the products of Hollywood, after they had exhausted possibilities in the United States.

Every day news comes of prominent European stage stars, English especially, contemplating making talkies as a contribution to the fight against the Americans. Among them is Seymour Hicks, one of London's best-known actor-idols; another the popular Gerald du Maurier; a third is Jack Buchanan.

If you want to realize what it will mean to Europe if the American talkies conquer her as have the movies from our shores, all you have to do is walk along the boulevards in Paris, or the Strand in London, or the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin, or in any other principal theatrical thoroughfare in any European city, and read the announcements of the offerings at moving-picture palaces. The preponderance of American films is something astounding. The names of dozens of American movie stars are picked out in dazzling letters of light, to lure thousands of local theatre-goers. To the great majority of these theatre-goers America and American life, American ways of thought and methods of doing things are remote and mysterious things—yet, every day and every night, they witness films depicting America, featuring American stars who are one hundred per cent Americans—Charlie Chaplin (who remembers he was born in England, since he has become Hollywood incarnate?); Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford; Harold Lloyd; Lillian Gish; Tom Mix. Their names are legion and their souls are American.

To make the situation still more galling for Europeans, this preponderance of American films has reached really alarming proportions only during the last few years. Before that, European film-makers made a very respectable showing in the theatres of their continent. Nowadays, however, they have been ousted more and more by the pushing producers from across the Atlantic; the home-grown product is being pushed more and more to the wall. Only Germany seems to hold her head high in the movie field, to act as if she thought competition possible against the monarchs of Hollywood.

Elsewhere in Europe there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. Try as they will, the English somehow cannot get themselves on the map when it comes to film-making; and in France, one of the pioneers in moving pictures—which claims to have invented them indeed—the march of the Americans has been equally irresistible.

EUROPEANS get terribly worried about it. A well-known Parisian wrote the other day, apropos of what had happened in the French movie field, that French children were becoming so imbued with American customs and attitudes toward life that they might as well be living in Chicago as in France! Anybody who knows what the average European thinks about Chicago will understand how that particular Frenchman felt when he penned those lines. No wonder Europeans are massing for defense against the American talkies!

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"On New Year's Day 1810, Beethoven rounded off one of the most superbly fertile decades which any creative artist ever enjoyed." In this installment the author takes us through the last part of this amazingly productive decade culminating in the F sharp major piano sonata, and into the first part of the lean decade which followed, marked in its early months by an unhappy love affair

A FEW words of petty chronicle. In the spring of 1808 Beethoven suffered from a felon and nearly lost one of his fingers. Fate seemed to be doing its best to hasten the end of his career as pianist.

After all the unpleasantness with Papa Haydn, his better self came forward on the occasion of the old master's seventy-sixth birthday, and in company with other leading citizens of Vienna, Beethoven showed him public honor at a gala performance of "The Creation."

And then he returned to a beloved form which he had for eleven years neglected. He began composing two trios for piano, violin and violoncello.[1] The eerie quality of the D major's slow movement later caused it to be nicknamed the "Geister," or "Ghost" trio.

Significantly enough, sketches for this weird movement occur in a "Sketch Book," immediately after some notes of a Witches' chorus for an uncompleted opera on Macbeth. It is not known whether the spectral atmosphere of the play found its way into the trio, or whether the supernatural atmosphere of the *largo assai* turned Beethoven's thoughts toward that brother artist who had created the ghosts of Banquo and of Hamlet's father.

A study of certain letters which Beethoven wrote to Breitkopf and Härtel at this time suggests that he had probably planned these trios, in the first instance, as piano sonatas.

They were dedicated to the Hungarian Countess Erdödy. Although an invalid, she was an able pianist and interpreter of Beethoven's works. Their friendship had begun some years earlier. It lasted valiantly through the ups and down inevitable in any intimacy with the volcanic Master. Finally, in 1820, the lady was sentenced to life banishment from the Empire. She seems to have been under suspicion of having conspired with her old friend, Magister Brauchle to do away with her only son, August, who had died suddenly on an estate in Croatia.[2] But there is no convincing evidence of their guilt.

While writing the trios Beethoven lived in Countess Erdödy's house. Shortly after this visit he quarreled with her and asked his publisher to change the dedication; but it was too late, and Beethoven came to be glad of it. For he soon saw his error, and wrote her a fully orchestrated apology:

COUNTESS MARIA ERDÖDY
Friend of Beethoven for many years

"My dear Countess, I have been in the wrong, that is true, forgive me, it was certainly not deliberate malice on my part if I pained you—only since last evening have I known how all stands, and I am very sorry that I acted as I did—read your note in cold blood and judge for yourself if I deserve all that, and if it did not pay me back six times over. Since I offended you without meaning to, do send me my note back today, and write me only one word that you are again my friend, I shall suffer no end if you do not, I can do nothing if things are to continue this way—I await your forgiveness."

The A major sonata[3] for violoncello and piano was also written in 1808. It holds the same position among his 'cello Sonatas that the "Kreutzer" has among those for violin. Though not written so gratefully for the instruments, it is musically a finer work. Standing midway between the first two violoncello sonatas[4] and the last two,[5] it has the grace and buoyancy of the former pair without their rococo flavor of superficiality. And it possesses much of the depth of the latter pair without their undeniable crabbedness.

In spite of certain technical awkwardnesses which seldom, in performance, allow its blithe mellowness to come through, the A major still stands, with the two Brahms and the authorized violoncello version of the Franck, at the head of the sonata literature for this difficult and elusive instrument.

Beethoven dedicated the work to Gleichenstein, and, March 4, 1809, scrawled upon the manuscript these words: *"Inter Lachrymas et Luctum."* (Amid Tears and Distress.) This was doubtless a reference to the victorious advance of the French troops who, the following August, bombarded and took Vienna, while Beethoven lay in a cellar with pillows over his suffering ears to shut out the noise of the artillery.

On December 17, 1808, the following notice appeared in the Wiener Zeitung:

MUSICAL ACADEMY

On Thursday the 22nd of December Ludwig van Beethoven will have the honour to give a musical academy in the R. I. Priv. Theater *An Der Wien*. All the pieces are of his composition, are entirely new, and not yet heard in public . . . . .First Part. 1. A symphony entitled: "A Recollection of Country Life," in F major (No. 5). 2. Aria. 3. Hymn with Latin text, composed in the Church style with

1. In D and E flat major, Op. 70.
2. Frimmel, "Beethoven Handbuch," 1926, Vol. I, p. 124.
3. Op. 69.
4. Op. 5.
5. Op. 102.

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chorus and solos. 4. Pianoforte Concerto played by himself.

Second Part. 1. Grand Symphony in C minor (No. 6). 2. Holy, with Latin text, composed in the Church style with chorus and solos. 3. Fantasia for pianoforte which culminates in the gradual entrance of the whole orchestra and at the end with the introduction of choruses as a finale.

Boxes and reserved seats may be had in the *Krugerstrasse* No. 1074, first floor,—beginning at half past six o'clock.

How many of that audience suspected for a moment that they were privileged beings, treading on hallowed ground? It is doubtful if any one had the slightest idea that these new symphonies (with their numbers transposed) were to hold a commanding position in history, or that Beethoven was to choose his career then and there as a piano virtuoso.

Johann Friedrich Reichardt was one of the leading music critics and composers of his time. He reported the C minor as a "big symphony, much worked out and very long." The feature of this composition that most forcibly struck a gentleman sitting near by was that the violoncello part alone had "lots of business in it." It consisted, as he had noticed at the rehearsal, of thirty-four double sheets of manuscript. How human! An overwhelming number of people cannot see the Forest of Arden for the trees. Often they cannot see the trees for the leaves of the scholarly editions with foot-notes.

Imagine not appreciating the chance to hear the *première* of the G major concerto, the "Pastoral" and the C minor! In after years those listeners must have had sinking sensations when they learned to what they had been deaf that night.

The concert was far from successful. The box-office returns were dismaying, and cast Beethoven into deep gloom. A Russian Count named Vielhorsky told Hiller he had sat in the orchestra stalls enjoying such conspicuous solitude that once, in acknowledging applause, Beethoven made him "a so-to-speak personal little bow, half friendly, half ironic."

As usual the orchestra and chorus were poor. Actually they had not gone through a single full rehearsal. And even during the partial rehearsals, the players were so angry at Beethoven that they banished him from the hall. The place was bitterly cold; the program, more than twice too long.

Frau Milder, the famous singer, had promised to give "Ah, perfido!" but the Master, once more at fault, quarreled with her as well. Her place was taken by a young girl who was at first so frightened that she could not utter a note. Then she took a stimulant. This worked only too potently, so that she made hash of the aria. To add to the disaster, the numbers from the C major Mass were botched. And the final piece, the *Choral Fantasia*[1] was done to death. In the first place, Beethoven who played the piano part, absent-mindedly made a repeat which he had agreed to suppress. And then the clarinets were guilty of a false entrance. When that happened the Master jumped from his seat, calling out loudly and angrily: "Stop, stop! That will not do! Badly played! Again! Again! Again!"

The musicians were so indignant at this that several wished to leave the hall. But the unhappy concert was somehow muddled through. Afterwards when Beethoven had been made to understand how he had humiliated and embarrassed the musicians, he handsomely begged their pardon.

The idea of the *Choral Fantasia* had occurred to him eight years before. But he worked it out in haste at the last moment, in order to provide, as he vainly trusted, a brilliant end for his concert. It was founded on the song, "Gegenliebe."

Its chief interest for us today lies in its being, in a superficial sense, a sort of miniature prototype of the somewhat less unfortunate choral *finale* of the Ninth symphony.

The lean receipts from the "Academy," and the coolness of the first press notices, strengthened Beethoven's obsession of persecution. He brooded over his lack of official recognition, and the appointment of lesser men like Gyrowetz, Salieri, and Eybler as imperial chapelmasters. He never realized how much more comfortable he might have been at that moment if only he had some idea of economy, arithmetic, and the value of money, and had been content with one or two apartments at a time instead of three or four.

THE MALFATTI FAMILY
Therese is seated at the piano, her sister Anna standing

As a matter of fact, in spite of his constant and violent denunciation of Vienna and the Viennese, and his romantic idealization of England as the earthly paradise, he was probably better off where he was than he would have been anywhere else. For musical enthusiasm, culture and knowledge extended farther down in the social scale there than in any other city in the world.

What other metropolis would even today give a musician—as Vienna gave Beethoven—the freedom of the city? Imagine London conferring its keys upon M. Ravel, or New York upon M. Stravinsky. And supposing that the latter, in the throes of some new "Sacre du Printemps," should so far neglect his clothing and demeanor as to be jailed for disorderly conduct, can we imagine a Tammany mayor rushing to the Tombs in the dead of night to apologize, and send M. Stravinsky home in a municipal Rolls-Royce?

It never occurred to Beethoven that his irascible temper, his erratic habit

1. Op. 80.

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of life and his ailments would have prevented his holding any chapel master's position a week. In spite of all his adorers, self-sacrificing friends and disciples, he felt himself a cruelly misused, neglected and misunderstood being, alone against a hostile world.

Not long after the Fifth symphony's distressful debut he wrote brother Johann: "May God only give that gentleman, my other brother, instead of his heartlessness—heart. It causes me no end of suffering. With my bad hearing, you see, I always need somebody, and whom shall I trust?"

At a truly psychological moment some time before November 1, 1808, he received an offer from Jerome Bonaparte, the new King of Westphalia. Beethoven should have 600 gold ducats a year as chapelmaster of the Court of Cassel, and "nothing to do but play occasionally for the King and conduct his chamber concerts."

The Master was about to plunge himself into far worse troubles by accepting this offer. But Countess Erdödy got wind of the matter and persuaded Archduke Rudolph, Prince Lobkowitz and Prince Kinsky to save Vienna's name by offering Beethoven on February 26, 1809, a subsidy of 4000 florins, payable yearly until he should receive an appointment; otherwise for life.

Beethoven accepted with enthusiasm. But this emotion was short-lived. It was not long before Lobkowitz's property went into the hands of a receiver. And Kinsky was soon killed by falling from a horse. When Beethoven managed by process of law to reëstablish regular payments, an inflation had depreciated the subsidy's real value to less than half of the original amount.

Ferdinand Ries tells of an unfortunate effect which this business had upon himself. "*Kapellmeister* Reichardt came to me and said: 'Beethoven will positively refuse the Cassel position; would I as Beethoven's only pupil like to go over for a smaller salary?' At first I did not believe it and went straight to Beethoven to find out the truth of this remark and ask him for advice. For three weeks I was turned away and even my letters on this subject remained unanswered. Finally I found Beethoven on the redoubt. I went straight up to him and informed him of the reason for my visits. He answered in a cutting tone; 'So—*do you suppose that you could fill a position which had been offered to me?*'—Having said this his manner was cold and repellant. The next morning I went to his house to have an understanding with him. His servant told me in a rough voice: 'My master is not at home' although I heard him playing and singing in the adjoining room. So, as the servant positively refused to announce me I started to go directly in. But he leaped to the door and hurled me back. This made me furious. I caught him by the throat and threw him violently to the floor. The tumult aroused Beethoven's attention. He rushed out, found the servant still on the floor and me pale as a corpse. In my terribly excited state I overwhelmed him with such reproaches that he was dumb with astonishment and stood stock still. When the matter was cleared up Beethoven said 'I did not understand it that way. I was told that you tried to secure the position behind my back.' On my assurance that I had not yet given my answer he went out with me immediately to make his mistake good. But it was too late. I did not get the position, although at that time it would have meant for me a very important bit of good fortune.

THERESE MALFATTI

Niece of Beethoven's physician, with whom Beethoven fell very much in love

Money troubles, together with the siege of Vienna, hurt the Master's work in quantity. But by some miracle of psychic resistance, they could not harm its quality. This ugly time of *Sturm und Drang* yielded the F sharp major piano sonata.[1] In much the sense that Shelley is the poet's poet and Velasquez the painter's painter, this is the absolute musician's sonata. It is seldom played because, foreshadowing the style of the third period, Beethoven took no care to make it grateful or effective for the performer or easy for the audience. But what the composer himself thought of it appears in his remark to Czerny: "People are forever talking about the C sharp minor sonata; but really I have written better things. The F sharp major sonata for example is quite a different affair."

Here we can see Beethoven concerned with sheer music for its own sake, and see the rapid dwindling of his interest in the pianoforte as the virtuoso instrument of the "Moonlight," the "Waldstein," and the "Appassionata." The end had begun to oppose the means and to force them from the field.

The name "Emperor" as applied to the fifth piano concerto[2] is meaningless unless it suggests that this work holds a commanding position in its own realm, similar to that held in theirs by the violin concerto, the "Leonore" No. 3 overture, and the "Eroica" and Fifth symphonies. This is the masculine counterpart of the feminine G major concerto. But the *adagio un poco mosso* is the purest example of mystical ecstasy to be found thus far in the Master's work. It is such a song as St. Theresa or St. Francis in their rapt hours might have overheard.

And then, in the half-ashamed way characteristic of Beethoven when suddenly made conscious how far music had led beyond the sphere of ordinary life,—he leaps without pause into a *rondo* that sparkles and shouts and laughs and capers with even more hilarious abandon than Walt Whitman showed when he let himself go in "The Song of Joys."

Most of the Master's works written before 1809 are not hard for the modern listener to appreciate at a first or second hearing. But in the "Harp" quartet,[3] especially in the first movement with its

1. Op. 78.
2. E flat, Op. 73, composed 1809.
3. E flat, Op. 74.

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subtle introduction, and in the *scherzo,* we find a slight premonition of those mysterious treasure-filled depths which make the last sonatas and quartets so difficult of approach, but also such inexhaustible lodes of delighted surprise for those who are unafraid of the dark and are equipped with safety lamps and adequate equipment for digging.

We have come to the "Pastoral" symphony and to the subtle and fascinating problem of program music with which that work confronted the year 1808.

During the dozen decades since then, the relation of music to literature has constituted the goriest battlefield to be found in the whole realm of æsthetics. In that conflict, quarter is never asked nor given. Each side makes its own position clear with the blunt force and uncompromising directness of a machine-gun battery.

Company, attention! Fire at will!

To the mind of the writer, program music is absolute music belittled by a single fiction. Absolute music is program music with ten million unwritten arguments, *ad libitum.*

Good music is never exclusively "about" any one particular subject even though the composer himself may suppose so. It is no fatal objection to point out such a title as the "Pastoral" symphony, or even some poem which music ostensibly "sets" or illustrates. The composer's conscious mind is mistaken—that is all. "No music worth the hearing," as Mr. Grace has finely said, "can be 'explained,' as you can explain a picture or a poem; it gives us the essence of both, sublimated beyond analysis."

Come fresh to these pages, unaware that any title, argument or text has been associated with them. The chances are ten thousand to one that they will suggest to your mind some idea emotionally akin, but in detail totally alien, to the officially accepted one. And, fortunately, your idea will be as valid as any one else's—even the composer's!

M. Alfred Cortot has wisely remarked that true interpretation means: "to dream the work anew beyond the man."

No one has been invested with divine authority to cage the Phœnix of music and fasten a rigid label to the bars. But beginners in the appreciation of this or, in fact, of any art naturally like things made easier and more palatable by having bread of absolute beauty smeared with the marmalade of fiction. For this reason story-pictures, story-statues and story-poems are so popular. This is why song, the opera and the symphonic poem have an audience so much larger, and less intelligent, than the symphony and the string quartet. Though one will not be thanked for saying so, there are as yet comparatively few adults in the æsthetic world.

As a rule, the union of music and poetry takes much from both. The music slows up, distorts, disguises and suffocates the delicate word-music; the concrete argument of the poetry takes away the most precious characteristic of the infinite art of music—its infinitude.

For almost a generation now, intelligent lovers of painting and sculpture have discarded the fiction element as juvenile. They have laughed at the literalism of Watts, Landseer, and the Rogers groups. The story has even begun to disappear from fiction itself. Witness James Joyce and Marcel Proust. But the lover of the most abstract of all the arts is still almost as childish and keen as ever to have a tale plastered for him upon every tune.

The history of music has been a fluctuating struggle to outgrow the crude ideals of its programmatic infancy. It has been a slow evolution out of the concrete toward the abstract.

In the sixth Century A. D., a Greek composer named Sakadas won a victory in the Pythian games at Delphi with a piece of program music describing Apollo's fight with the dragon Python. Two millenniums later, when instrumental music began to struggle free of vocal bondage, toward a modest independence of fiction, we at once find the same, crass, materialistic sort of program music. In 1545, Jannequin wrote "La Bataille," Frohberger composed a piano suite portraying an adventurous Rhine journey of the early Seventeenth Century. In this, for example, one of the party, while passing the boatman his sword, falls into the water with a loud splash. In 1700, Kuhnau published six Bible-story sonatas. Among other matters they illustrated Jacob swindling Laban, and David registering accurately with a pebble upon Goliath's forehead.

Even Johann Sebastian Bach deigned to write a "Capriccio on the departure of his dear brother" with a "representation of the diverse accidents that might happen to him abroad."

That the "Pastoral" symphony was the first fairly good piece of this class was due to Beethoven's musical genius, to his penetrative wisdom in avoiding many of the mistakes of his predecessors, and to his whole-hearted enthusiasm for the subject.

Almost word for word, he used the program of "The Musical Portrait of Nature," a "grand symphony," published in 1783 by Justin Knecht. We know that this program had been familiar to Beethoven for a quarter of a century, because it had been advertised on the cover of the three piano sonatas which he published as a lad of twelve.

His "Sketch Books" of this period are filled with reflections on the problem:

> *Sinfonia caracteristica,* or a recollection of country-life.
>
> The hearers should be allowed to discover the situations.
>
> People will not require titles to recognize the general intention to be more a matter of feeling than of painting in sounds.
>
> Pastoral symphony: no picture, but something in which the emotions are expressed which are aroused in men by the pleasure of the country.
>
> All painting in instrumental music, if pushed too far, is a failure.

These were his principles. Would that he had been faithful to them! Let us turn, however, from æsthetic theory to the "Pastoral" itself.

The "Sketch Books" bear witness that when Beethoven wrote music, his last thoughts were almost invariably his best. But as an æsthetic thinker his first thoughts were best. The memoranda just given show that in writing the new symphony he intended rigorously to subordinate the programmatic element and let the creative listener do his part. We shall see how consistently he adhered to this admirable intention.

When the "Pastoral" symphony[1] was published in 1809, it bore these legends:

"Pastorale-symphony or Recollections of rural life," (more expression of feeling tone-painting.) 1. *Allegro mae non molto.* "Awakening of cheerful emotions on arriving in the country." 2. *Andante con moto.* "Scene by the brook." 3. *Allegro.* "Peasants' merry-making." 4. *Allegro.* "Thunderstorm. Tempest." 5. *Allegretto.* "Shepherd's Hymn. Happy and thankful feelings after the storm."

In view of the popular realism of his famous predecessors, it was a triumph of just and sympathetic perception to declare that "all painting in instru-

1. Op. 68.

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mental music, if pushed too far is a failure." Consider the mosquitoes, the frogs, and the hail-storm in "Israel in Egypt," by Handel, the man whom Beethoven to the end of his days considered the chief of all composers. Think of the lion's roar, the whinnying horse, the stag's branching horns, the galumphings of heavy-footed beasts, and the ophidian sinuosities which won universal suffrage in Haydn's "Creation." Then see with what sure critical insight Beethoven sketched in those six words on the title page, the wisest possible constitution and codex of law for composers who feel irresistibly impelled toward the domain of program music:

"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Mahlerey,"—"More expression of feeling than tone-painting."

In hampering himself with a fictional scheme, Beethoven was unfortunate in taking one ready-made from Knecht. Such a proceeding is a handicap to any artist,—most of all to such a fanatical lover of independence as Beethoven.

But, on the other hand, he was fortunate in choosing a subject he knew and loved well: the idyllic atmosphere of semi-wild woods and meadows. Charles Neate, his close companion, testified that "Nature was almost meat and drink to him; he seemed positively to exist upon it." In fact no small part of the candor, simplicity and direct force of Beethoven's hundreds of compositions may be traced to the fact that his first inspiration usually came to him out of doors.

Schindler, indeed, confessed that the Master taught him even more about nature than he did about music. When Beethoven wrote or talked on this subject his naturally halting, crabbed utterance foamed over the weir of language into a sort of prose poetry. His words look more natural in the form of free verse.

My bad hearing
Does not trouble me here.
In the country
Every tree
Seems to talk to me,
Saying: "Holy! Holy!"
In the forest
Is enchantment
Which expresses all things—
Sweet peace of the forest!

Almighty, I am happy
In the woods,
Blessed
In the woods.
Every tree has a voice
Through Thee.

O God, what glory
In such a woodland place!
On the heights is peace—
Peace to serve Thee—

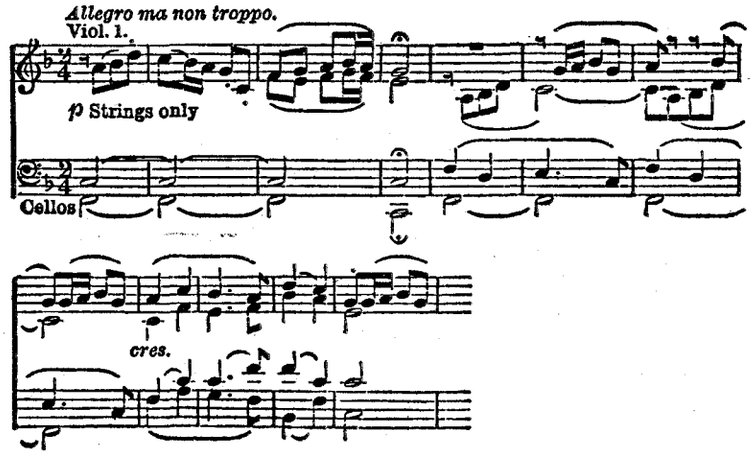
How glad am I
Once again
To be able to wander
In forest and thicket
Among the trees,
The green things and the rocks.
No mortal can love
The country as I do;
For woods and trees and rocks
Return the echo
A man desires.

Like many another genius he was also passionately fond of water. In the city he often recaptured inspiration by playing with a ewerful of it, pouring it over his hands and head. Indeed, this habit may have hastened his deafness, for he often carried it to such dangerous lengths that cascades ran through the floor into the rooms of the indignant neighbors beneath, while the absent-minded Master sat obliviously scoring, soaked to the skin. One day a heavy shower caught him writing out of doors. He never noticed what was happening until the paper grew too wet for his pencil. In one of the doubtful letters to Bettina he says "the delicious May rain" had been "wholly fruitful" for himself as well as for the earth. He loved animals, too, and prided himself on their affection. "You are wrong," he wrote Gleichenstein in 1810, about Dr. Malfatti's dog, "if you suppose that Gigons looks for you alone; no, I too have had the joy of seeing him stick near to my side, he ate his supper close by me at night, what's more, he saw me home, in a word, he entertained me very well."

In his love of out-doors, as well as in music, Beethoven was far ahead of his day. The neo-classical artificiality of the early Nineteenth Century looked at nature more as a setting for made-to-order Greek temples, broken columns, lyres, nymphs, gods, and satyrs than as something to be enjoyed for its own wild sake. The natural Beethoven disliked this sort of thing so much that one wonders why he allowed the artist Maehler to introduce it into the background of his own portrait.

The Master once remarked that a clipped avenue in the park at Schönbrunn was trimmed up "like an old-fashioned crinoline," and confessed that he was "only happy when in the midst of untouched nature." In the field of program music, with the remote means at his legitimate disposal, he was the pioneer in freeing landscape of artifice —in making nature natural. The opening part of the "Pastoral" symphony was the first music frankly to reflect impressions of a landscape unsophisticated by art, literature, mythology, or fashion.

This opening *allegro ma non troppo* begins with a subject as simple, unmonotonously monotonous, and peaceful as a grass blade or an oak twig. Like them it holds out the promise of entire countrysides of meadow and forest.



For in these measures the whole first movement is implicit.

Simplicity, unmonotonous monotony, and peace. This movement and the "Brook Scene" are redolent of these things. In almost every bar the composer took extraordinary precautions against realism. He went the length of giving bird-like figures to the unbird-

(Please Turn to Page 196)

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Foundations of Our Prosperity

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

"ACCELERATION, rather than structural change is the key to an understanding of our recent economic developments."

This opening sentence of the report of the committee on recent economic changes of the President's conference on unemployment makes it much easier to understand the great strides of American industry during the last seven years, the period studied by the committee.

The report, signed by the President, Dr. Julius Klein, John J. Raskob, Owen D. Young and others, is incomparably the best business survey published during the last decade and it deserves careful reading.

In view of the steady rise in wages, the stability of the price level, the tremendous increase in the use of power and the general improvement in the standard of living, the report's opening sentence seems at first to be an overstatement. As the argument is developed, however, it carries strong conviction.

"Invention is not a new art." Asserts the committee. "Transportation and communication are not new services. The facilitating function of finance is older than coined currency.

"Hand to mouth buying is old, sudden changes in style and demand are familiar, there is no new principle in installment selling, co-operative marketing is no modern discovery, the chain store movement dates back at least twenty-five years.

"The expansion of our appetite for commodities and services is also an old story. It always has been true of our civilization that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied."

This thought provoked the "World" to remark rather sadly that around we are to go, like happy squirrels in a cage, clamoring today for what we shall enjoy tomorrow. The prospect of this endless chase is not an entirely inspiring one but it is one that Americans have faced for the last two or three hundred years. The chase started long before the Revolution. Only the prizes change. Once, for the average man they were meat and milk and housing. Today they are Buicks and radios and movie tickets. The former prizes have become merely standard equipment for the race.

However discouraging this fact may be from the sociological point of view, it disposes completely of a worry that has been troubling many business men acutely recently. The committee assures us that "saturation points" are so remote as to be of only the mildest academic interest. Talk of the "saturation point" in automobile production arrives as regularly every spring as the flowers. Many well qualified experts were confident that the United States could never absorb as many as a million cars a year. These particular experts have learned their lesson but there is always an abundant crop of newcomers to take their places.

Long before the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the radio in the home services doubts have been expressed as to the capacity of the country to absorb many new receiving sets. A rather disappointing earnings report of the radio corporation for the first three months of 1929 fostered these doubts. Yet, as the report points out, more than 70 percent of American homes are still without a radio. Consumption of electrical energy has increased three and half times as fast as our population but two thirds of our homes are still without electric washing machines or vacuum cleaners and ninety-five per cent do not have electrical refrigeration.

While the committee expressed no doubts whatsoever in regard to the impressive contributions to our comfort made by machinery, it admitted that the problem of "technological unemployment" was a serious one and insisted that it must be studied earnestly if we are to forestall hardship and uncertainty in the lives of the workers. "The machine that displaces twenty laborers benefits all the consumers of its products but it brings despair to the twenty laborers. Eventually they are absorbed into new industries which are begotten by the economies of the machine but the report expresses real concern over their temporary misfortune. Incidentally, this is the one unsatisfactory condition for which the committee offers not even a hint of a solution.

Hasty readings of newspaper summaries of the report probably gave a false impression of its findings because all these summaries mentioned the fact that industrial activity, though intense, has been "spotty." Cotton mills, wheat farms and coal mines have done none too well. In a comprehensive survey, these less encouraging features had to be mentioned. It has always been true, however, that no period of prosperity has spread its benefits everywhere. Industrial activity is more or less "spotty."

The committee's report makes it very clear that our prosperity is on a solid foundation and that, aside from the danger that speculators may use too much of our credit supply, it is not seriously threatened, the nation's wealth has grown primarily because of the increasing efficiency of machinery and because of national advantages the abundance of raw materials and sources of power and the absence of such hindrances as customs barriers or racial differences within the country.

All the elements which have made us prosperous during the last seven years are still present but our present economic system has become so complicated that its manipulation is a delicate task, requiring the leadership of the ablest and most foresighted business men we have. If any real danger threatens it is, in the words of the committee:

"That through ignorance of economic principles, or through selfish greed, or inadequate leadership, the steady balance will be disturbed to our economic detriment."

In a word our engineers and our efficiency experts have laid the basis for our material comfort. Its maintenance depends on the skill and the character of our executives.

Our leaders in the last seven years have, with few exceptions, justified the confidence placed in them by the public and by the stockholders of various companies. If they continue to do as well there is an excellent chance that a survey of the coming seven years made in 1936, may prove as satisfactory as has this committee's.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Dewey for the General Reader

Characters and Events. By JOHN DEWEY. Edited by JOSEPH RATNER: Henry Holt. 2 vol. $5.

IN "CHARACTERS and Events" Mr. John Dewey attempts to write for the general reader, and it is to be hoped that a large number of general readers will make an honest effort to meet half-way the most outstanding philosopher of democracy in our time. There is variety in these reprinted essays from the "New Republic," the "Dial" the deceased "Seven Arts," and other organs of the intelligentsia. It is interesting to find Mr. Dewey in 1891 pondering on Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning and preferring the latter who resembles Whitman in so many ways: to note his high regard for Emerson: to follow his cautious, fair-minded reports on the Russian experiments: to sanction his rebuke of Lewis Mumford's hasty garbling of the meaning of pragmatism and instrumentalism: to trace out his thoughts on war including the now famous proposal to outlaw war. He has been admirable for not holding back his thought on any of the prominent issues of our period: his analysis of the state of mind of the Lowell-Stratton-Grant Committee in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is an outstanding example for public gratitude.

Yet the effect of Mr. Dewey's papers in the rôle of a publicist has been and will be less than his thinking merits. The old regret must be sighed again that they are not written in a style of "sweetness and light." On the contrary, the flame of his thought burns slowly and smokes heavily. There is no dance of the mind here. The heavy abstract words weigh the page down, and no aid comes from poetic feelings and a sense for the concrete image. In short, the style is not vivid, but—and one dislikes to say so—it is peculiarly almost lifeless.

The situation—a man of the intellectual value to the Nation that Mr. Dewey possesses insulated by a turgid manner of expression—calls for a Matthew Arnold. The business of making aristocratic values prevail in a democracy demands first that those values be invested with lucidity and grace, but thus far no American critic has been able to assimilate instrumentalism and then make it shine forth. I do not wish to make the present volumes seem forbidding. They are not immensely difficult to comprehend, but they lack positive charm, and that is why the general reader must summon up his good will and meet them half-way.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THE FIGHT
An Etching by Dowd

Briefly, Mr. Dewey's underlying themes are experience, the relation of man to nature, the relation of man to man. Consideration of the first has put this intellectual on guard against overemphasizing the values of mental operations. Nature he frankly views as existing for the free use of man: here he stands with Whitman and Browning and against the Arnoldian melancholy. Democracy is his version of the proper relation of man to man, and, as progressive-minded people know, he places his strongest hopes on socialized schools to bring it about in fuller measure. In studying with him the question, "What is experience?" one is impelled to try to get on the trail of consciousness as well: in examining socialized education, one is obliged to ask, "What of an education for individuals?" This is the beginning of an important intellectual adventure. For myself, the pains that Mr. Dewey exacts are paid for by such insights as are given by his formulation of the need for a denotative method in dealing with experience and in his metaphysics of language. For those who wish to exercise the mind as well as the body during the summer months, "Characters and Events" is a timely publication.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

The Week's Reading

Bolivar, the Liberator. By MICHEL VAUCAIRE. Translated from the French by MARGARET REED: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50. Published this week.

THE STORY of Bolivar and the liberation of Venezuela, Peru, and Ecuador contains the elements of four types of reading matter. It is history, it is the libretto for a comic opera, it is a romance of chivalry, and it is a horror story. Unhappily it has been in this book told by a writer unable to make the most of any of these features, or else the translation has fallen into inept hands. Bolivar became a patriot because he was bored to death as a rich young man with nothing to do, and because he envied Napoleon! He became a *great* patriot because he was a born leader, a strategist, a fiery orator, a brave and forbearing man, and because he was, unlike the Latin American average, incorruptible. After having served under General Miranda in a revolt which failed, he launched himself as leader in a series of guerilla-like campaigns which lasted for years and which broke Spain's hold on South America. He had to deal with personal elements so discouraging as to disillusion him, early, concerning the character of his people.

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He met, from the Spaniards, with brutality so dreadful that to read of it leaves one shuddering, but, also, with profound stupidity which made his road easier. He gathered to him the rabble, moved rather by hope of vengeance against Spanish tyranny and by the promise of spoils than by honest patriotism; but he also commanded the loyal service of courageous and picturesque soldiers of fortune from many lands. His victories were constantly being turned into defeat by the treachery and cupidity of his own followers; and he as constantly turned them back into victories by the force of his determination. A perfectly Latin character and an extremely curious one to read of, Bolivar deserves a better biographer than he has in this book. There are Nordic careers which rise with startling distinctness from pages of spare prose and abrupt phraseology. Somehow a Latin requires a little well-managed high-falutin rhetoric to make him real.

Emma Willard, Daughter of Democracy. By ALMA LUTZ: Houghton, Mifflin. $4. Published May 20.

EMMA WILLARD was America's pioneer in the education of women. She was also the author of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Although we have recently seen an instance of the superior value, in the success of females, of the Cradle of the Deep over higher education, the fact remains that Mrs. Willard is more likely to be remembered as an educator than as a poet. Emma Willard was a brave woman. She came of a family famous since Colonial days for its far-sightedness and for having the courage of its convictions. And she maintained the tradition. A student from her childhood, she interested herself as a very young girl in securing educational advantages for her sisters. She prepared and presented to Governor Clinton and the New York Legislature in 1818 the plan for the education of women which, although prematurely offered, was so sound that it was used fifty years later as a model. Against almost universal opposition she founded the Troy Female Seminary where she demonstrated that intensive education would not ruin female health nor dancing, female morals. Her school succeeded and she became one of the most important women in America. She was interested in Woman's Rights, especially after an unlucky second marriage in middle life had shown her that all was not love and roses in the relations of men and women. But she never lost her sense of proportion. She was both clever and wise and, understanding what woman's place in the scheme of things is, she understood, too, that liberation neither could nor would alter it. Her life was not all schoolmarming: she had great social gifts and enjoyed the friendship of interesting people at home and abroad.

Alma Lutz, a graduate of the Emma Willard school, has taken a career which although splendid could not be called picturesque, and has used it to make an absorbing book. By good use of rich stores of material, including many letters, she has told, simply and directly, the story of Mrs. Willard's training and inspiration, of her labors and the years that crowned them with success. She has a good sense of biographical values and an equally useful sense of her own limitations as a writer. Enthusiasm does not run away with her, nor is she seduced by the delights of speculation. She has told a good story well.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

Awake and Rehearse, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. A collection of clever short stories in various manners. Reviewed May 8.

Storm House, by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A story of the mothering instinct, told with convincing mediocrity. Reviewed April 10.

Mamba's Daughters, by DuBose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

The Green Parrot. By the PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO. Translated by MALCOLM COWLEY: *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. Published last week.

A FRAGRANCE of remote exquisite tragedy hangs above the novels of the Princess Marthe Bibesco (who should not be confused with the other Bibesco authoress, Margot Asquith's daughter). The story of the Green Parrot is a romantic variation on the Apheridon-Astarte incest theme, associated with Byron, and on the less tangible themes of transference of personality and of the persistence throughout the generations of a "family fate." In "The Green Parrot" the tragic love of a brother and sister in St. Petersburg is suffered again by another brother and sister, a hundred years later in Biarritz. The narrator is a Russian woman, the daughter of a melancholy expatriate household, and the background of exiled Eastern nobility so effectively used in the earlier Catherine-Paris appears again here. The story does not lend itself to a bald retelling since it depends for its beauty and reality upon the atmosphere of emotional suspense and frustration which informs the book. The Princess Bibesco writes with poetic feeling, wit, delicacy, economy, and rare grace of expression. Her style is intensely personal and has the quality of giving readers who like her books a sense of understanding, even of communion with their author which goes beyond objective admiration. And as for Malcolm Cowley's translation, it confirms our high opinion of his ability. Readers who have no French can be assured that the essence of the original is preserved in the translation.

Molinoff, or The Count in the Kitchen. By MAURICE BEDEL. Translated by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS: Viking Press. $2.50. Published May 25.

THIS NEW NOVEL by the winner of last year's Prix Goncourt is French pastry at its best. The hero, Molinoff, is a Russian noble gone cook. He finds himself in a group of French Legitimists, fussily occupied with plots to restore the Bourbons. Into this milieu, Molinoff is welcomed as one more victim of Democracy. He causes palpitations in maiden hearts hitherto wont to flutter only for the House of Orleans.

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"For a young girl destined for spinsterhood devotion to the cause may be a source of spiritual consolation for it provides her at once with some one to whom she may offer herself, the King"! Molinoff reminds us of the recipe offered by an American baking company with its tin of cookies—"Take one ginger wafer, add a spoonful of whipped cream, another wafer, more cream." It has the froth and smoothness of the cream and the brittle bite of the homely gingersnap. The deftly drawn character of the pastry cook may not please those who take the Russian Soul too solemnly, but all others will be diverted. The Monarchists are portrayed with subtle strokes and even more humor than the Royalist group in Thornton Wilder's "Cabala." To read Molinoff is to laugh intelligently. Maurice Bedel's effortless wit flashes so merrily that the real penetration and ironic discernment of Molinoff may not at first be apparent, but it would be a casual reader indeed who failed to appreciate the craftsmanship by which, with strict economy of means, the author creates a society futile and absurd, yet somehow a little grand.

MARY SHIRLEY.

Louis XIV in Love and War. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON: Harper. $5.00.

A REVIEW of this book, expected for use last week, has not been received in time for publication. A hurried reading indicates that the book is not only interesting as a history of Louis's reign, and of his amatory, political, and military experiences, but also as a study of one of the most surprising forms which the well-known inferiority complex has ever taken. Louis was transformed from a dull boy, suffering from obscure anxieties as well as from obvious repression into the *roi-soleil,* the most effulgent of modern monarchs. Mr. Huddleston explains the causes of the transformation. His book will be enjoyed by all readers of psychological biography.

The Mountain Tavern. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY: Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

UNDER THIS TITLE, Liam O'Flaherty presents unforgettable pictures of Ireland's countryside. As a painter works quickly lest the light should change, so these stories are told with swift, tense boldness. O'Flaherty sees such cruelty in nature! Read of the Black Rabbit's struggle to survive the hate of the house-keeper and the hunger of the cat. The Blackbird's Mate is another story of uneven struggle told with great

(Please Turn to Page 190)

Educational, Moral, Economic

As Discussed in Recent Books

THE intelligent reader of books does not expect them to give him "answers." He is looking not for magic formulas but for ideas to match or overmatch his own. Being intelligent, he has average ability to guess right in his daily problems; and what he wants from books is an enrichment of his experiences, new situations on which to exercise his own mind. Being intelligent, he is interested in the possibility of an enlightened civilization. He is on the alert for signs of a rational social order. Finding it necessary, on one concrete issue after another, to decide whether to line up with traditionalists, progressives, or revolutionists, he turns to the writers for evidence as to whether there are general principles to aid in such decisions.

He does not want to become "bookish," to treasure second-hand information and experience above his own personal experience. The satisfaction from useful labor, the actual feel of economic pressure, the sense of security from an earned surplus, and the unearned wayside happiness of human companionship are the real stuff of life; but one of the uses of good books is precisely to prevent the reader from becoming "bookish." Intelligent readers do not look for books which would only deepen the ruts in which they are already confined; which color with a deeper dye the prejudices of ingrained attitudes; which "rationalize" irrational conduct.

No books are more useful than those which help us to straighten out our thinking about the world in which we live. Principal L. P. Jacks of Manchester College, Oxford, has written such a book, "My Neighbor the Universe" (Putnam). It lifts our vision to the universe at large. Although the book is called a study of human labor, it denies that our ethical relations are exclusively human relations. We have obligations also to the material with which we work, to the forests and countryside.

C. A. Prosser and C. R. Allen, harking back to Jeffersonian ideals, describe America as at the cross-roads in education. Their title is "Have We Kept the Faith?" (Century), and the answer they give to the question is in the negative. Their present four hundred odd pages end with a prophecy, including a forecast that the time will come when ninety per cent of the time now given to the peddling of undigested facts and ideas through lecture and class drill will be used for real teaching; but it will require another volume, to be called "Regaining the Faith," to set forth the steps by which we are to return to the path of the fathers.

Joseph K. Hart's "Social Interpretation of Education" (Holt) goes farther back and deeper down. Our great society, having lost the complete family-like unity of the primitive group, which could give to children adequate skills and knowledges without formal education, and which, through its initiation ceremony, gave them also an emotional identification with the community, has developed institutional rivals and fragmentary substitutes for the community. Plato is the arch villain of the educational tragedy. His "royal lie" that children are naturally savages, to be civilized by education, broken to harness, disciplined, inured to decency, turned into reasonable beings, fitted for life here and hereafter, has survived through the ages.

In George Soule's excellent little book, "The Useful Art of Economics" (Macmillan), we have the help of a competent economist in our task of deciding whether to vote with the standpatter or the radical. Not that he does any direct preaching. His method is that of the engineer, the practical economist, the modern social psychologist. Instead of starting with a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, Soule begins with the national industrial plant as it is: its geographical background; its raw materials; its resources of power; its services of transportation, communications, and distribution; and its "overhead" of finance, professions, and government. He then asks how the plant may be kept running steadily, thus getting directly at the problems of industrial depressions, and a program of adequate social control, which, as the author carefully explains, involves far more than keeping any particular political party in power. He thinks that our plant can make more goods and so pay higher wages; that it can make more of what we really want and need; that the distribution of income can be made less unequal by regulation, by rigid taxation, by control of prices and profits, by the organization of labor, and by intelligent management; that by such means also the satisfaction which arises from creative activity can be more widely shared. Soule has a good word for the export debenture plan

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which President Hoover denounced so vigorously while his book was in press but which the Senate approves. He insists, however, that control of production is also essential for the problems of agriculture as a whole.

"Our Economic Morality" by Harry F. Ward (Macmillan) is perhaps more useful to our perplexed citizen than any of the four books already mentioned, for the reason that here we have a true prophet turned economist to a sufficient extent to understand very well indeed the economic system which he brings to the bar of moral judgment, and yet standing—like one who can do no other—for the spiritual values. He coolly compares the ethics of Jesus with those of current business, with its money-making, profit-seeking tests, and it is not the former that suffers. This is no conventional sermonizing through which the complacent pillar of the church may smile indulgently or doze contentedly. It has the irritating qualities of complete lucidity and mastery. One may decide, if he likes, to remain a pagan exploiter after following this uncompromising exposure, but he cannot well continue in his illusions. It is not even possible to convict Dr. Ward of being a fanatic or a Utopian. While social science and religion have a common stake in developing a new economic morality, neither of them is required to diagram the future. "In the nature of the case," he says, "a ready-made economic society that will work better than the one we now have cannot be produced . . . . What is needed, then, from an ethical religion is a new sense of direction, a stimulus for advance at the points where science declares progress to be possible."

That, coming after his devastating survey of our capitalistic industrialism, is hard sense. It is refreshing modesty for a social reformer; and it is evidence of a real appreciation of the economic complexity.

The intelligent reader of books, then, who is looking for orientation rather than propaganda, will find a stimulus in these five books: by the preacher turned economist; the economist demonstrating the usefulness of his art; the educator tilting valiantly against the greatest of the idols of philosophy; the engineer and lawyer who have become school men; and the teacher of ethics who, by directing our attention to man's relation to the universe, helps to solve the problem of human labor, and contributes, in his own phrase elsewhere describing adult education, to the building of a new civilization on enlightenment instead of greed or force.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

Why I Am Leaving the Stage

(Continued from Page 169)

them? Not that they had made a great play live, not that they had brought something vital and thrilling to an audience, but that "Nathan said I stole the show from Barrymore." The theatre had become a place of struggle, of bickerings over dressing rooms, billing, and curtain calls. Their "tricks" were a part of them, so the struggle of thinking out a true characterization was no longer necessary. The theatre was the beginning and end of their existence: they knew nothing else and cared for nothing else. Even narrower than that were their interests really, for it was not the theatre, the drama, which engrossed them: it was the relationship of themselves to the theatre. For them, life outside their own ego did not exist.

I looked at the directors, gifted men, wasting their time and talents on cheap, worthless plays, attempting to bring out values where no values existed, arguing with producers who had no conception either of good theatre or of good taste. I saw directors who had gotten "a break," men who knew the theatre thoroughly and who were able to dictate their own terms, but who, once under contract, had to explain each move to the producer. I saw other directors, quite as capable, who had not gotten their "break," at the mercy of the whims of half the cast, or whoever was friendly with the producer. But they were only waiting for their "break," as was every other man and woman who had not yet achieved the success he or she was hopeful of attaining. That is the hope that springs eternal in the actor's breast: others have waited years for their break—he will, too, if necessary, though he knows that thousands have waited for the "break" that never came.

So I am getting out—now. The theatre won't mind, but I do, and shall. For I still love the theatre, in spite of the disillusionments of these past years.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 189)

lyrical charm. One grows to hate the instinct that kept the little blackbird on her nest until she was frozen by the feathery snow.

Even though O'Flaherty's people seldom win anything, the gauge of battle is so dramatic that they achieve distinction in the throwing down of it. His men possess the mercurial temperament which makes successful lovers. They do what they want, repent loudly, and do the same thing, next week or tomorrow. His women have inflexible wills, and are usually avaricious, but their avarice is born of ambition for their children. Of all the stories, "The Child of God" gives the most complete picture of O'Flaherty's people, and is written with sympathy and subtle understanding. Lucille Fort Hewlings.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Kain O'Dare's
Philosophy of the Dusk Century

This is a curious book, a cross section of the mind of an habitual criminal with the urge to write. It is a mixture of personal reminiscence, thoughts on life and death, religion, immortality and love, portraits of various prisoners and underworld characters, and considerations on the rehabilitation of the criminal. Its confusion, sentimentality, honesty and occasional flashes of wisdom, struggling to expression through the incompletely mastered medium of the English language, make it extremely interesting, to those to whom crime and its prevention seem a vital problem, and to whoever seeks light on human character.

Leonard H. Nason's
The Man in the White Slicker
Doubleday, Doran

A racy and exciting battle piece, all about what happened to a machine-gun crew who lost their outfit in the Argonne, and had various unpleasant and hair-raising adventures in their efforts to keep out of trouble. The mystery of the officer in the white slicker, whom they crowned when he insisted that they fire on their own troops, and who later turned out to be several important people, added a good deal to their discomfort, and to the interest of the story.

Maurice Baring's
The Coat Without A Seam
Knopf

The story of Christoper Trevenen, who had half a dozen chances at happiness and turned his back on all of them. A correspondent for a London paper, intellectual, supersensitive and unhappy, he moved from one capital to another of the Europe of before the War,—a scene with which the author is completely familiar, as the ease with which he handles its cosmopolitan society fully testifies. The recurrence of the legend of the coat of the title brings in a supernatural touch which is the only unconvincing note in the story. But we like Mr. Baring's novels. There is no attempt to dazzle with cleverness and spurious erudition. They are civilized without being self-conscious, and sophisticated without being smart.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

TO JUDGE from "The Grand Street Follies" recently opened at the Booth Theatre, clothes made the woman in the gay eighties—and lack of them makes her today. This seems to be about all that the younger generation has to offer, in this particular review, in the way of social criticism.

The two particular acts which led us to this reflection are entitled, "The Age of Innocence" (as hitherto concealed by Mrs. Wharton) and "Ghosts of the Waldorf" (as revived by George Tyler). And certainly times have changed! In "The Age of Innocence," the young lady in question, glimpsed in her bedroom in the act of retiring for the night, divested herself of an incredible amount of clothing, including the well-nigh forgotten bustle, the iron-clad corset, voluminous underskirts, and all the other garments once known as "unmentionables." This done, she dons a long cotton nightgown like a meal sack, twists her hair in the ancient crimpers, covers her face with cold cream—and so to bed: a most incredible creature, carrying a lighted candle. The scene itself of course would have been impossible on any stage in the year of grace depicted; yet there was not a detail which could not be verified by even men in the audience who still can remember the mothers of that day.

"Guests at the Waldorf" brought back to life such characters as Lillian Russell, Edouard De Reszke, Ward McAllister, Maude Adams, Li Hung Chang (whose sole remark was "Pfui!"), and Anna Held. All the old musical favorites came to life again, also; "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "Evening Star I Wonder Who You Are," and "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave." Ancient ditties, now full of memories and bygone charm and giving no hint of the jazz era of today. A wax-work act, of course—and yet, full of personality and bringing back to mind a time that had a savor and a flavor distinctly of its own.

Followed the young ladies of today—doing the jazz steps and military athletic gyrations current on Broadway.

Well, the impression on this reviewer was that of brains versus activity; of finesse and art opposed to mere agility and the physical female form.

Perhaps it is a gain—certainly it is different. And perhaps youth generally has more to offer than the particular kind of youth which presents "The Grand Street Follies." But as seen in this revue, certainly the progress of society appears mostly to be in the direction of doing without, not adding anything new.

All of which may seem a most serious conclusion to draw from what is essentially an entertainment for laughing purposes only—and one which concerns itself very considerably with a burlesque of its own world: the theatre, and not so much with society in general. And yet, merely as a mere annual, topical revue, it failed to strike us this time as very distinguished. Albert Carroll and Dorothy Sands are with us again, Carroll doing his rather shop-worn but still extraordinary impersonations of Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore, and Dorothy Sands impersonating everybody from Lenore Ulric to Nazimova and Lillian Russell.

Even the theatre, however, seems to have been afflicted this season with a paucity of people and plays to satirize. At any rate the authors seem to think so, and have fallen back upon an amateurish series of scenes depicting "The Garden of Eden," "The Flood" as handled by Herbert Hoover, "The Siege of Troy" as produced by David Belasco, "Caesar's Invasion of Britain" as set to music by Noel Coward, and finally, "Nero's Policy" as issued by the Aetna Fire Insurance Company. Grover Whalen does not escape, of course. Nor do Arthur Hopkins, Earl Carroll, Alexander Woolcott, Gilbert Miller and, finally, the Theatre Guild. Yet, most of these pseudo-satires seemed to us rather weak and conceived in the high school spirit.

Not as good as last year? We fear not, or else we are growing old. This last, nevertheless, we don't believe. What we are convinced of, in fact, is that the hour has arrived for some one to devise a new kind of Broadway revue which will satirize some of the more striking aspects of modern American life in which absurdity is inherent.

Meanwhile, if you can't get in at the "Little Show," the "Grand Street Follies" will give you a mildly amusing evening, wherein you will wish for beauty and better music, but where you will see much that is inoffensively pleasant—despite all the terrible scenes which we have chronicled.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Valiant"

A TALKING photoplay that deserves serious and respectful comment is "The Valiant," a rather short and infinitely tragic work recently released by William Fox.

This picture is notable for several reasons, but chiefly because it achieves that rarest of all dramatic consummations, pure pathos, properly handled. So often is it tried, so often missed, that one feels inclined to greet the accomplishment with massed bands and showers of ticker tape.

Part of the credit for this admirable drama must go to Robert Middlemass and Holworthy Hall who wrote it; much of it to the director, William K. Howard; but the lion's share belongs to the cast that plays it, with never the misplaced flicker of an eyelash, to the very limit of its possibilities.

Heading that cast is a young actor named Paul Muni, who (as Muni Weisenfried) was once identified with one of the Little Theatre movements in New York City. Watching this squat, ordinary-looking youth pass up chance after chance to spoil a fat part by overplaying; seeing him compass the feat of being restrained and deeply emotional at one and the same time—these are among the pleasant experiences that come all too infrequently to the steady movie-goer.

Without giving away the story, further discussion of Muni's accomplishment is difficult; one would have to review the picture scene by scene to convey his excellence—and to do justice to the work of Marguerite Churchill, Edith Yorke, and De Witt Jennings.

"The Valiant" is as sad a story as you have ever sat through. The egg who can rise dry-eyed from its contemplation is an egg indeed; but your tears will fall in tribute to a fine document, honorably executed, and tears so shed hurt no one.

"The Pagan"

Here we have Ramon Novarro, very much as God made him, impersonating a carefree son of the South Sea Isles—and doing it extremely well.

"The Pagan" tells a story of island indolence and Aryan greed that manages to be interesting throughout and presents to the public Miss Dorothy Janis, a young lady whose rôle opposite Mr. Novarro reveals her as something to be watched.

Miss Janis is a shy, thoughtful brunette who knows a great deal about acting. Since she appears to be very young; and since "The Pagan" was directed by W. S. Van Dyke who, in "White Shadows in the South Seas," held the megaphone on some of the worst acting ever seen; considering (we submit) these twin points, one concludes that Miss Janis's proficiency must have been born with her. In any case, we shall look forward to another sight of her expressive mouth and shadowed orbs at, we trust, an early date.

Save for some not too impressive singing by the star (who is said to be studying for grand opera), "The Pagan" is a silent picture. The silent phases indicate that Señor Novarro is still one of the best movie actors in the business; the singing interludes raise doubts as to his wisdom in making a change. . . . Perhaps he was pulling his punches, and perhaps the movietone didn't do altogether right by his vocalizing.

"The Pagan" is recommended as a consistently pleasant picture, with authentic scenery, expert love scenes, and good subsidiary performances by Donald Crisp and Renée Adorée.

We Recommend

Bulldog Drummond: Advice to young men: on no account take your girl to see Ronald Colman in this, his first all-talking picture. She won't be the same for weeks.

Madame X: A history-making performance by Ruth Chatterton, with Lionel Barrymore's enlightened direction.

The Broadway Melody: This big show has just about everything. Talking, singing, dancing, color sequences, and original music. You can hardly fail to enjoy it.

The Trial of Mary Dugan: A faithful adaptation of the famous stage play, directed by Bayard Veiller, the author.

Coquette: Mary Pickford is a speaking actress of unusual gifts and the play is excellent.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE are various kinds of folding beds for apartment use which disappear during the daytime into closets. But only one we know about is so arranged that the closet door can also be closed after the bed is set up at night. The door is so set on a vertical rod that although the bed when ready for use extends partly across the doorway, the door can easily be slid shut.

A COMBINATION doorknob and lock has a button in the center of the knob on the outside. When you go out, you press the button and the door cannot be opened from the outside without a key. From the inside it can still be opened by turning the knob.

WE KNOW where you can get golf balls for fifty-nine cents which are guaranteed, and will be replaced if the cover is cut. We also know where you can get a collapsible leather golf bag which has a seven inch opening. And a soft rubber cup which fits on the end of the putter shaft and which will allow you to lift the ball from the cup without stooping. And two kinds of tees: one which goes into the ground at an angle and is said to offer less resistance to follow-through; the other a pin with a wire arm which swings free and has a loop at the end on which you place the ball.

FOR THE KITCHEN we offer you a dish mop which contains a small, removable, perforated rubber container for soap. Fill the container with soap, slosh it over the china in the dishpan, and you clean everything without scrubbing it by hand.

Then there's a jar-cap lifter which will save both forks and fingers. It clamps over the jar top, and then you turn a screw which forces itself between top and rubber, breaking the suction and lifting the top off easily.

Also a duster which is called the Handymit, fits over the hand, is covered with loosely woven pure silk fringe which picks up dust and is washable.

A rack which will keep saucepans and their respective covers somewhere near together is the Panco. It's a steel rack with five sliding hooks for pans and slotted shelves through which to slip each cover behind its appointed pan.

And lastly a new corkscrew which has two little horizontal handles at the sides. Screw in the corkscrew and push down on the handles and out comes the cork.

No, there's one more thing—or rather three. Three perforated aluminum plates to set in the bottom of cooking dishes to keep the contents from sticking to the bottom and burning. They're also an aid to more even cooking.

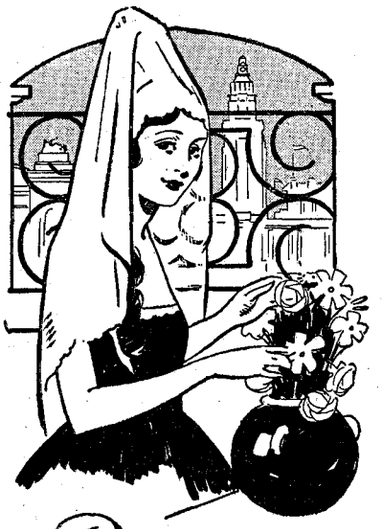
FOR THE GUEST ROOM or for the very small apartment we recommend an unusual table we have recently seen. The top is 13½ by 21 inches, the table 2 feet 9 inches high. The top, which is 9 inches deep, has pockets on the under side for stationery. The blotter is hinged and when lifted has a mirror on its back and reveals a tray of toilet preparations. Under this removable tray is a space divided into three sections for sewing equipment or whatever.

WE DIDN'T get to the Exposition of Chemical Industries, but we were told by an enthusiastic friend of one of the exhibits—a pocket tester for wood alcohol. With this in your pocket you could go to any party secure in the assurance of nothing worse than the normal hangover the following day. High spirits would be more in evidence at parties if the guests didn't swallow a certain amount of terror with every sip of their host's cocktails.

MARY ANN Shell Pans are useful for baking or molding cakes, salads, entrées, desserts, and so on. The bottom of the pan is raised slightly, so that when you turn out the cake it is baked in the form of a deep open shell, in which you can put any kind of filling you wish. The pans come in various sizes, and are made of a rust-resisting metal which transmits heat readily for quick baking.

NEXT TIME you go to a tea and have to manage cup, plate, napkin, and cigarette with one hand while shaking hands with acquaintances with the other, remember that you can get individual oval trays of enamelled tin in yellow, green, orange, or red, 9¾ inches long by 7 inches wide, which will take care of all these things except the acquaintances without the necessity for taking a short course in juggling.

THE BOOKLITE, a small lamp to attach to the book you are reading, of which we wrote some months ago, now appears in a new form with a small mushroom-shaped shade which may be tipped at any angle desired.



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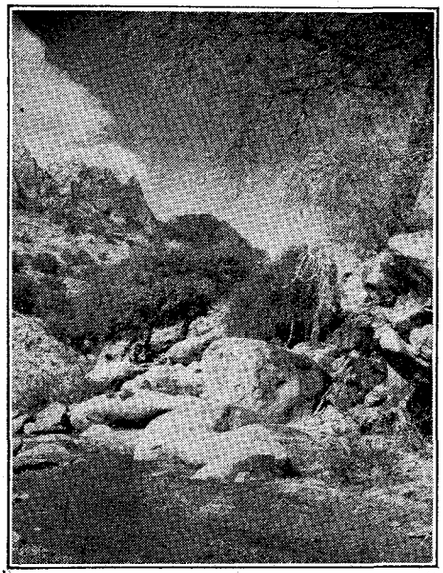

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From the Life

By **IBBY HALL**

Europe

HE came regularly to wash the windows. He was marked by two characteristics only, his smile and his accent. For his smile was continual, curling the corners of his mouth, wrinkling the corners of his eyes and twitching the end of his nose. And his accent was confounding. Swedish? German? Polish? There was no telling.

Apart from his accent and smile he was like every other man who washed city windows for a living. He wore a shapeless cap, an ill-fitting vest over a yellow shirt, baggy trousers and nondescript shoes. He carried a pail that held filthy rags, something that looked like a huge paint brush, and a wide rubber-edged tool that was a wiper.

In this armor he would arrive at a front door three—twelve—eighteen floors above the street, and, with his accent, ask anxiously for a spigot. It appeared that this was the only anxious moment of his life, for once he was nodded towards the spigot—which might have disappeared since his last visit—he would resume his happy smile and careless bearing. He would return carrying his pail full of filthy water and, setting it carefully on the floor, the window washer would approach the curtains. These he touched with his square, blackened hands as delicately as though he were breaking hyacinths from their stems.

The lady of the house, being home one afternoon in spring, watched him as he wafted the curtain rod from the window to a couch. The curtains fluttered safely from his grasp, and the window washer turned back to his pail. He dipped his huge paint brush into the murky water and, stepping lightly upon the sill, waved it swiftly over the upper sash. The lady of the house dropped her magazine upon her knee and rested her head on the chair-back. How did window washers manage on the outside?

The window was lifted. The inside sashes were clean. The man stepped suddenly through that wide and skyey opening, and stood upon the outside sill. Now he closed the lower sash between himself and the comfortable room, and swished his brush wetly over the upper sash. He stooped—he was going to fall—

The lady of the house closed her eyes. She knew what lay in wait beneath that window. Four stories of stately windows slid sheerly down upon a spiked iron fence. Her heart stopped and she opened her eyes.

He had stooped merely to lift the wiper from some invisible hook about his clothing. He stood upright again. Gazing critically at the streams of water trickling over the window, he lifted the wiper and in three expert strokes had cleaned the pane.

The lady of the house stared. It was evident that his clothes were used as saddle-bags. From their dim recesses he now produced one of the dingy rags and lightly wiped the drops of water from the woodwork. Then he stepped back, leaning slightly against the sky, to inspect his work. The window glittered in the sunlight. His smile deepened. He snapped the rag jauntily across his shoulders and kneeling upon the sill leaned further backwards in order to open the lower sash.

The lady of the house closed her eyes and considered—ten—fifteen—no, twenty-five cents per window. For twenty-five cents, over and over again, he would stand carelessly upon three inches of wood outside her window—stand carelessly, being teased by death. She would not open her eyes again. She would not lean and topple and plunge downward with that man as death reached up for him. She could see the end too clearly—spiked with iron or lying limp upon another pavement. Nothing but a heap of old clothes. For twenty-five cents.

The man must be starved. Driven from Europe by poverty and need to an alien country whose pavements yawned for him. How many windows would buy a meal? How many pay the rent? Each twenty-five cents became a higher window, a more desperate risk. Her mind grew dizzy calculating and once more she opened her eyes.

The window washer was standing in front of her, smiling. "All feenish," he said cheerfully. Then the smile vanished. "Next month," he said sadly, "I not come. I be gone," and he waved a rag vaguely in some unknown direction. "My father, he old man, seventy-fi'. I take my family and go see him. For summer I go Europe." He moved regretfully toward the door. Then he remembered something and his smile returned. "But I be back," he assured her eagerly. "In two months I be back again. I clean your window good. Cost a lot of money to go Europe," he added cheerfully. "Cost a t'ousand dollar."

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Perjury

(Continued from Page 166)

tainly perjury cannot be increased if the penalty is lowered, and experience with other modifications of penalty seems to promise many more convictions. This was the result in New York when gambling was reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor. It will be particularly valuable in New York, for there misdemeanors are not tried before susceptible juries, but before three Special Sessions judges who, you may be sure, will not be tender with perjurers.

This modification will do more. It will pave the way for elimination of technicalities in the perjury charge. It will allow the doctrine of materiality to die the death it deserves. With the disproportionate sentence eliminated, it will no longer be necessary for courts to do special pleading for the offender. When any wilful falsehood, material or not, is perjury there will be few loopholes left for defendant or juryman.

Judge Corrigan's bill also would eliminate by statute the necessity of proving which of contradictory statements is false. The mere existence of contradictory statements, made under oath, would be presumptive evidence of guilt. Here is a definite step forward.

The justices, judges and magistrates can do much themselves to restore the oath to some of its old majesty. They can order their courts so that its administration is no longer a cut and dried formula. The oath can be given so that the witness will feel that a solemn responsibility is placed upon him; the witness can be made to realize that his personal validity is involved.

What is left then? Procedure. Most of the State laws fail to fix responsibility for initiating systematic investigation of suspected cases. Samuel Untermyer has urged that the law be amended to provide that the jury be required, when announcing its verdict, to say whether there has been wilful false swearing, and, if so, on which side. He asks, furthermore, that the judge approve or disapprove their findings. In non-jury cases, the court would be required to make such a finding. In either case, the reports would be forwarded to the District Attorney who would, within a given time, announce whether he had investigated the facts and what action he had taken or recommended.

Charles L. Robinson, vice president of the Grand Jurors' Association of New York County, offers a slightly different and, to me, more practicable plan.

Mr. Robinson would have counsel for either side in a civil action empowered at the end of the trial to ask investigation by the court of suspect testimony. If the court considered the grounds sufficient, it would be obliged to detail investigators for the purpose. They might be court attachés or deputy sheriffs. At the same time a date would be set for hearing and the person accused invited to attend.

The hearing would be informal. The report of the investigators would be read under oath with latitude as to the rules of testimony, and the person accused allowed to make an effort to explain any inaccuracy brought out. If his explanation were unsatisfactory the whole matter would be turned over to the District Attorney. In criminal actions, the routine would be the same except for the fact that the investigation itself would be conducted by detectives assigned by the District Attorney's office.

"This simple procedure," says Mr. Robinson, "in itself would fix the responsibility for initiating an investigation of all suspected cases, as part of the trial system, and at the same time it is merely an exercise of the inherent power of the court to conduct investigations of all matters pertaining to contempt. This procedure would not readily result in abuse, because it would be at all times under the supervision of the trial judge.

"The effect of this proposed procedure on 'professional witnesses' and their suborners . . . would make the crime of perjury a most hazardous one. In a negligence case or any other litigation, a prospective witness would think twice if he knew that his personal jeopardy would not end with the trial, but that he might be confronted at a later date with facts refuting the testimony he gave at the trial through a thorough investigation of his statements."

There can be no doubt that the tremendous volume of litigation which now clogs the courts has discouraged prosecution of perjury. Already overworked and understaffed, neither the prosecutor's office nor the bench wants gratuitously to shoulder further burdens. The imperative demands of the calendar make them gray-haired and ill-mannered without adding the extra pressure of cases they must initiate themselves.

Yet the very routine of systematic prosecution would do much to clear that crowded calendar. It would bring every professional witness face to face with prison. It would smash the perjury rings—and thus it would automatically cut litigation in half by eliminating the crooked plaintiff.

The Efficient Farmer

(Continued from Page 171)

cent. The same sort of displacement has been going on in agriculture. However painful this may be in individual cases, it is not regarded as decadence when it occurs in industry. Why then should it be regarded as decadence when it occurs on the farms?

These considerations raise another question. If agriculture has held its own with other industries in productive efficiency, why should it now be in a less favorable condition than most of the others? For the underlying reason one should recall a familiar economic principle: as income increases the proportion of it spent for necessities tends to decrease. The increase of our national wealth and income has not been followed by a corresponding increase in the per capita consumption of farm products. Such increase in total consumption as has occurred since 1920 corresponds closely with the growth of population. During the period in which the index of agricultural production increased 47 per cent, the population of the country increased approximately fifty per cent.

The industries which have been most prosperous in recent years are not those which supply our primary subsistence wants but those which cater to the new wants engendered by a higher level of purchasing power. This accounts for the boom in General Motors and Radio Corporation on the Stock Exchange, and it explains why the silk industry has flourished while the cotton industry has languished. Some of the basic industries have flourished because they were closely linked with the satisfaction of these newly awakened wants. Thus, the demand for motor cars has stimulated both the steel and the cement industries, in the one case because material is wanted for the cars and in the other case because it is wanted to make roads on which the cars are to run.

It is the American farmer's misfortune that few of these new demands have affected anything he produces. The tobacco growers seem to be the one conspicuous exception. They have benefited from the amazing increase in the consumption of cigarettes. The growers of staple articles for food and clothing are not so fortunate. Americans are actually consuming less meat than in the days when they were less prosperous. City folk are showing a preference for a lighter diet, and with the urban population growing at the expense of the rural this is bound to affect the demand for food-stuffs.

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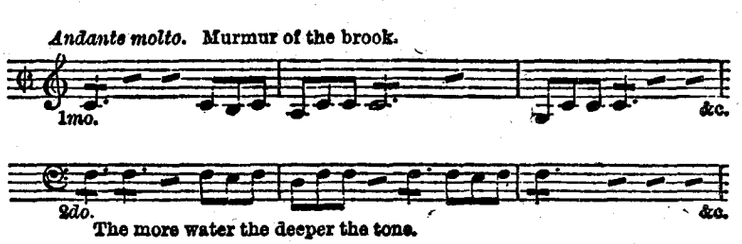
And so, in spite of the great progress in agricultural production during the first quarter of the Twentieth Century, the American farmer has not succeeded in getting his full share of the country's prosperity. This has given us the farm problem with which Congress has been wrestling under three Presidents. There are two extremes of opinion regarding the solution of this problem, with many shades in between. At one extreme stand the advocates of Government price-fixing or the payment of a substantial subsidy; at the other stand those who oppose any legislation whatever and maintain that the only need is to put agriculture on an efficient business basis. Some in this latter group even see the conversion of farming into big business as the best possible solution, and one enthusiast expresses the hope of seeing some day a United States farming corporation which shall surpass the United States Steel Corporation in size and resources.

The farmer's well-wishers will hardly relish the idea of seeing him dependent on a Government bounty for his subsistence, nor would they like to see him forced to surrender his present independent status and become an employee of a huge agricultural corporation. In either case, they believe, the second state would be worse than the first. The independence of eleven million farmers is worth saving. Their productive capacity needs no artificial stimulus. It is in the processes of distribution that greater efficiency is needed, and there the farmer is only one wheel in the mechanism. Improvement in that direction is a matter which well merits the attention of business leaders and of the Government.

Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 185)

like strings. He had carefully ascertained that the brook near which he composed gave forth as its two principal notes a bass F and a middle C. See this extract from a "Sketch Book" of 1803



So he deliberately changed the figure which represented running water to a key in which these two notes were not prominent.

Almost up to the end of the slow movement Beethoven was consistently true to the principles he had laid down. He was superb so long as he concentrated far more on the expression of feeling than on that tone-painting, which, as he had noted, "is a failure if pushed too far." Then, however, he allowed himself to become so enmeshed in his ready-made program as almost to spoil the symphony. In the bird episode which ends the "Brook Scene," and in the "Storm," and "Thanksgiving" movements he forgot himself and condescended to realistic "Mahlerey." Then at once the music degenerated into measures unworthy of a place in the nine symphonies. They became an unheeded warning to the Strausses and Respighis of the future.

In chatting with Schindler toward the end of his life, the Master sought to excuse the nightingale-cuckoo-quail episode which ends the "Brook Scene," —as a joke. But, if so, it was a bad one, such as he often cracked, to the general annoyance, in connection with his loveliest inspirations. And some of his musical heirs, not scenting the mischief, took it seriously, to their own undoing.

As we get on in the "Pastoral" shock follows shock. The humor, almost farce, of the *scherzo,* though deliciously infectious, is on a somewhat lower plane. Then the melodramatic "Storm," the bathetic "Shepherd's Pipe," and "Thanksgiving" hymn that follow, suddenly reveal a degenerate Beethoven, almost on the abject plane of that "Battle" symphony which he was presently to concoct for Maelzel's Panharmonicon.

When one turns the pages it is as though Dr. Jekyll had begun it. But the brook turned out to be composed of the fatal elixir and it seems that the good doctor having sipped of it, Mr. Hyde suddenly obscured the issue with an unseemly joke. Then he gradually took over and finished the score alone.

Nevertheless the origin of the "Peasants' Merrymaking" *scherzo* is interesting for the way in which it shows the composer in a light almost as admirable as the episode of Dorothea von Ertmann's bereavement, when he laid his healing hands upon the piano and her poor heart. Beethoven derived immense enjoyment from naïvely bad music. And he often went with zest to the sign of the "Three Ravens," a tavern near Mödling on the outskirts of Vienna. There an orchestra of seven wholly unsophisticated peasants held forth. They were quite unconscious of their privilege in being the first to introduce Beethoven to the unadulterated Austrian folk-music which was to prove so fertilizing to him and his successors, Schubert and Brahms.

The Master made friends with these humble colleagues. There is something extremely engaging in the fact that more than once he composed dances for them, adapting the easy notes with laughing sympathy to the curious habits of these children of nature. No other rural orchestra has ever been so honored. The chances are that none ever will be.

Schindler recorded that in 1819 Beethoven "again complied with the wishes of the band. I was present when the new opus was handed to the leader of the company. The Master in high good humor remarked that he had so arranged the dances that one musician after the other might put down his instrument at intervals and take a rest, or even a nap. After the leader had gone away full of joy . . . Beethoven asked me if I had not noticed how village musicians often played in their sleep, occasionally letting their instruments fall and keeping quite still, then waking up with a start, getting in a few vigorous blows or strokes at a venture, although usually in the right key, and then dropping to sleep again. He had tried to hit off these poor people in his 'Pastoral' symphony."

The rough but tender humor of this strictly musical farce was something quite novel in music, and one must admit that this sort of tenderness is not very often to be found elsewhere in the Master's compositions or in his life. He enriched music with a new kind of laughter.

Yet the chief value of Beethoven's labors in connection with the "Pastoral" lay not so much in the symphony itself as in the admirable working theory of program music which he formulated —without consistently following.

To a vividly creative listener all music is program music. And the less argument accompanies it in the form of title, poetic synopsis, speech, song, or action, the more vitally, variedly, and creatively may the listener respond to it.

"My realm is in the air," Beethoven

(Please Turn to Page 200)

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120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

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Fontana Farms Inn

Restful, modern rooms and bungalows in heart of Orange Belt. Excellent meals; *very reasonable weekly and monthly rates.* Twelve miles from Riverside. For folder and reservations write to

Mrs. E. H. Bonnell, Hostess
Fontana, California

District of Columbia

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

Near the Capitol and the Union Station
Open to men and women.

Maine

Green Gables **INN AND CABINS**
CAPE ELIZABETH, ME.

A selected spot by the sea. Open all year. Only seven miles from Portland. Beautiful grounds, broad ocean view, Private bathing beach. Tennis, boating, canoeing, always good fishing. Golf privileges. A place for a real vacation, quiet and restful. Rooms with or without bath. Cabins accommodate two or ten persons. All are equipped with De Luxe beds, private baths, hot and cold Sebago water, electric lights, etc. Booklet.
C. T. SWETT, Mgr.

ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE CAMPS

Cabins, (open fireplace, electricity, bath, etc.) with Central Dining Room System. Cabins fitted for 1, 2, or 4. Altitude 2000 feet. Hay fever unknown. Fisherman's paradise. Hiking, swimming, tennis, dancing. 10 miles from Canadian Border. 150 miles from Portland. Rates, details on request.

DION O. BLACKWELL,
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Ogunquit By the Sea, Maine

Bald Head Cliff. May 30 to Oct. 1. Most beautiful spot in Maine, quiet and homelike. 100 feet elevation. Booklets. Low rates for June and Sept.
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PORTLAND, ME.
Overlooking Casco Bay and Portland Harbor. A summer home whose charms appeal to people of culture and they return year after year.
American Plan Excellent food Garages
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June 1 to October 1

Hotels and Resorts

Maine

A FINE HOME FOR SALE OR RENT

Twelve room house and garage. All modern conveniences, ⅞ acre land, apple trees, plum trees, gooseberry bushes, asparagus and large garden. Furnished for season, $400. Address Wm. H. Clark, Box 102, Castine, Maine.

York Camps, Loon Lake
RANGELEY, MAINE. Individual cabins, fireplaces, baths, central dining-room, heart of mountains and lakes. Garage, tennis, golf near by, fishing, saddle horses.

COVE COTTAGE INN
SOUTHPORT, MAINE.
MODERN — HOMELIKE — RESTFUL
Ocean and Pine woods. Boating and Golf. Booklet. Moderate Rates.

Penobscot River—Atlantic Highway
FURNISHED HOME—7-12 rooms; bath; open fires; electric lights; piano; porches. Sunny, airy, high. Rent $150—$200 for season. Exceptional cooking available. References exchanged.
ELIZABETH FERNALD, Winterport, Maine.

MAINE Why not spend your summer in the country on the open ocean? Rates $20 a week. Apply to **MISS LOUISE SPILMAN, The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.**

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Opens June 29th. Private baths. Booklet 25th season.

HOTEL LENOX IN BOSTON
Write to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

THE NORTHFIELD
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.
A Homelike Hotel

Overlooking the beautiful Connecticut River Valley. Ideally suited for vacation or as a summer home. Golf on hotel estate; tennis; mountain trails. Good motor roads and train service.

Attractive rates. Folder.

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MAYFLOWER HOTELS
PLYMOUTH
HYANNIS
BOSTON
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THE LIPPICAN HOTEL—MARION, MASS. Overlooking beautiful Buzzards Bay, home of the Bluefish. Golf, Yachting, Bathing, Tennis, Dancing, Fishing, Billiards, etc. **Children's Playground. Open May 29 to Sept. 23.**

Hotels and Resorts

Massachusetts

At Williamstown in the Berkshire Hills

To rent furnished for summer or longer period. Charming, roomy old Colonial home. Four baths, gas, electricity, town water, sleeping porch. Just off Williams College Campus. Shade and fruit trees, vegetable and flower garden. Apply to **Talcott Miner Banks, Williamstown, Mass.**

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Modern, well furnished cottage with bath, electric lights and garage. Easily accessible by train or motor. Private beach with safe bathing for children. No mosquitoes. $350 for season. Address **M. STEVENS, Cliff House, Ogunquit, Me.**

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EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE
WHITE MOUNTAINS
Jackson, N. H.

125 Rooms, 100 Baths, Elevator

In 350-acre estate of forest and field, overlooking many mountains and beautiful Wildcat Valley. Golf, Mountain Climbing, Bathing, Horseback Riding, Trout Fishing, Tennis, Library, Billiards, Orchestra.

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In the Heart of the White Mountains
First-class family hotel. Splendid table. Moderate rates. **Booklet. R. O. BUCKLER.**

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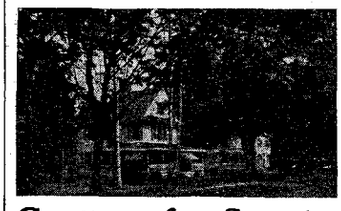
ADIRONDACKS
The Crater Club, Essex-on-Lake Champlain
Meals at Central Club House
Furnished cottages without housekeeping *cares, at rentals $200 to $500 for the* summer. References required. Circular on application.
JOHN B. BURNHAM, Essex, New York



Cottage for Season
QUAKER HILL, INN
PAWLING, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Non-housekeeping, attractive, freedom from care; maid service, light, linen, etc., supplied. Excellent meals at Inn near. Reasonable. Elevation 1,200 feet. Golf course Berkshires, sixty miles from New York; excellent train service. Address **Management, Quaker Hill Inn, Pawling, N. Y.**

Hotels and Resorts

New York

Interbrook Lodge **AND COTTAGES**
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet.
B. A. TRYON & SON.

MOHICAN HOUSE **SABBATH DAY POINT on Lake George, N. Y.**
Your Summer home. An ideal place to spend your vacation. Booklet.

Blue Mountain House

One of finest situations in Adirondacks. Altitude 2,055 ft., overlooking beautiful lakes. Outdoor sports. All conveniences. Excellent table. *M. Tyler Merwin, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.*

ADIRONDACK CAMP. Lake Eaton, 7 rooms furnished. Modern improvements. Fireplace. Trout Fishing, Sand beach, Boat. Mrs. L. M. Robinson, Long Lake, N. Y.

New Jersey

BAY HEAD, N. J. Ocean View House. Near best beach on Atlantic Coast. Bathing from Hotel. Home atmosphere. Guests return yearly because of the satisfactory treatment at previous visits. Capacity 150. Write for rates.

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IN GLACIER PARK—Lodge with every modern convenience and equipment. Extensive, *secluded estate on Lake McDonald.* Exclusive use with exceptional food and service at hotel rates. Weekly or longer. H. Chadbourne, Belton, Montana.

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A GREAT VACATION
Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write W. H. WYMAN.

New York City

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Hotel Judson **53 Washington Sq., New York City**
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

Rooms With Bath		Evening dinner and	
Single—$3—$3.50—$4		Sunday noon .	$1.00
Double $5—$6—$7		Luncheon . .	.50

Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining cervice come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home"

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OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT CLASSIFIED SECTION—(*Continued*)

Hotels and Resorts

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from $2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

LONDON—ENGLAND
Florence Hotel
Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park W2
Old Established High Class Family Hotel

Especially favored by people of simple tastes. Famed for quiet comfort and excellent cuisine. Situated most convenient and pleasant part of West End, few yards Hyde Park. All bedrooms with running hot and cold water. No charge baths, boots, or attendance. Moderate terms for full board or room and breakfast

Tariff etc., direct or through Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau
Rooms Reserved Against Deposit

Tours and Travel

EUROPE
$308 to $1,405
Send for booklet
TEMPLE TOURS INCORPORATED
447-A Park Square Bldg.
Boston, Mass.

EUROPE 1929
Select Summer Tours **$790** and up
Vacation Tours . . **$340** and up
EGYPT—PALESTINE
Spring Tour Mar. 16th
Special Summer Tour **$865**
All Expenses—Small Parties
Superior Service—Cultured Leaders
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Steamship Tickets—All Lines
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Something Surprisingly Smart
See Europe as it really is—Varsity Motor Voyages thru France—Switzerland—Italy—are unusual—for 62 days. New York to New York $760.00 covering all expenses.
Interesting Brochure on application.
VARSITY VOYAGES
Suite 1006—Steinway Hall
113 W. 57th St., New York City

Europe-Mediterranean 31ST YEAR
Europe with N. Africa—$595 to $925
Johnston Premier Tours
210 East Preston Street Baltimore, Md.

CLERGYMAN and wife traveling with son and daughter will receive other young people for two months European Tour. 385 Outlook and Independent.

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Tours and Travel

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Escorted trips by rail or motor, limited to small parties. Independent travel, arranged in accordance with your desires. Motor Cruises through France, Switzerland and Italy. Cars for you to drive for hire. Write for details.

AGENCE LUBIN
113 West 57th St. Circle 1070
NEW YORK CITY

Board

INVALIDS and chronic cases given medical care in private home. Rates reasonable. Randalls, 97 Dearborn, Manchester, N. H.

WANTED—A few refined guests to share our pleasant country village home. Open May 30. Mrs. Emma F. Bartlett, Walpole, N. H.

Help Wanted

WANTED—Dancing instructor for summer camp and possible winter position. Please give very complete information as to general education, special training for work, experience, age, salary desired for summer or winter position beyond expenses, willingness to assist in general camp activities and responsibilities. Most complete replies will receive first consideration. Address 9106 Outlook and Independent.

STEAMSHIP POSITIONS—Men—Women. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. Box 122-X, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Situations Wanted

YOUNG woman, refined, as companion to active elderly lady. Drive car. Free to travel. Protestant. 9092 Outlook and Independent.

HARVARD junior desires position as companion, tutor, chauffeur before and after summer school. References. 9093 Outlook and Independent.

JUNIOR in college planning to make nursery school work her profession, desires job as nursemaid for July or summer. Seashore preferred. Children one to six years old. 9094 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED by an educated gentlewoman, with experience gained in caring for an invalid relative, a position as companion or secretary. Reads aloud well, uses a typewriter. Address Box 92, Washington, Virginia.

A YOUNG woman graduating from Eaton College desires a position for summer or all year. Will do any kind of interesting or experience giving work. Tutor, traveling companion, secretary suggested. 9097 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG lady teacher, college graduate, desires position as traveling companion or tutor to young child. References. 9098 Outlook and Independent.

WAKE FOREST Senior, summer employment; tutor, chauffeur or traveling companion. Available June 1st. Excellent references. 9099 Outlook and Independent.

YALE Graduate Student (Woman) wants summer tutoring—July to October. Will take private pupils in New York City or will accompany pupils to summer residence. References. Write H. D. 6 Moulthorp St., Ansonia, Conn.

BROWN University senior graduating in June desires position for Summer. F. Chas. Hanson, Hope College, B. U., Providence, R. I.

YOUNG Bowdoin graduate, capable, adaptable, responsible, wishes summer work. Any kind, anywhere. References. 9101 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—Masseuse (29292) Young lady (Danish) speaking English, German, French, wants to travel with lady or family for the summer. Highest references. 9100 Outlook and Independent.

HIGHLY recommended high school teacher, experienced with children of all grades including high school, wishes engagement for summer as tutor, companion, secretary. Experienced driver, traveler, horsewoman. Fond of nature, athletic. Protestant. 9102 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

FRENCH Teacher, private school, summer position. Companion, governess, tutor. Will travel. 9103 Outlook and Independent.

NURSE—Graduate, desires care chronic or semi-invalid in home of refinement. Can travel, or live city, country, seashore. Excellent references. Disengaged late June. Interview now. 9104 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER, companion, governess. Educated, experienced woman. 9105 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

VERY desirable orphan boy of seven for adoption. 9095 Outlook and Independent.

VERMONT Maple Syrup. Guaranteed pure. $2.50 per gallon. Carl Gray, Fairfax, Vermont.

AGENTS: Distributors: Salesmen. To sell one of the best displays on market of Fragrant Breath Confections; also twenty other items which sell on sight; handsome profits, steady repeaters; exclusive sales rights. Sun Baked Goodies Company, 1322, Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

Use the Outlook and Independent Classified Columns

The following proves the result of finding the right medium for advertising:

"Dear Sirs:
I am pleased to inform you that I have sold my farm to a very desirable party in answer to advertisement in your weekly this fall.
Yours truly,
C. E. K."

Rates and full details for advertising in our Classified Columns sent on request.

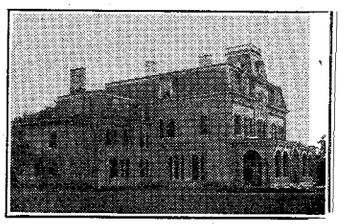
EVA R. DIXON
OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

How to Entertain

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical reading, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago

Real Estate

New York State



The Pointed Firs

A beautiful mansion situated in the charming old village of

Castle-on-Hudson

on a plateau overlooking the Hudson River with a view of the Helderberg and Catskill Mountains; on easi bank, eight miles south of Albany, on main line of New York Central Railroad and concrete river road from Albany to New York. About twenty acres of land orchards, woodland, spring, prolific gardens on gentle southern slope, varied shrubberies, including magnolia trees. The house is splendidly built. Twenty rooms, susceptible of further division, numerous shower baths, wash-basins, stools modern steam-heating and hot-water plant, fountain electricity and water; tennis court and service house lodge, garages, and various other outbuildings. Easily accessible to Albany. Good schools and markets in village. Most adaptable for gentleman's estate, school sanitarium, roadhouse, or hotel. Price $50,000 which is about one-third of the cost of reproduction. Terms can be arranged.

GEO. S. BARKENTIN
Room 1204
475 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

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Fourth

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Real Estate

California

CALIFORNIA PROPERTIES
Detail description on request. Terms ½ cash on each property.
1000 acre stock or sheep ranch 125 miles north of San Francisco. $10,000.
160 acres Redwood Timber; 11,000,000 board feet. $25,000.
1200 acres Douglass Fir. Ideal vacation surroundings. $16,000.
36 acre farm ½ mile from growing town, $16,000.
9 room home in live town on scenic Redwood Highway. Ideal for tourists rooms and auto park. $10,000.
L. C. MORGAN, Owner, Fortune, California.

Canada

40 ACRES, Queen Charlotte Islands (Opposite Massett) unimproved. Price $10 per acre, particulars. F. W. Rankin, Grimmett P.O., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Connecticut

FOR RENT — NORFOLK, CONN. Comfortable ten room house; two baths, laundry, fireplace; barn-garage; pleasantly located on quiet street; shade trees and shrubbery, garden plot and fruits; five minutes walk from village green, library and churches. Four months $750. **Gertrude H. Patterson, Terrace View, Norfolk, Conn.**

LITCHFIELD, CONN.—For sale in this beautiful and well known town, a fine property, consisting of a large dwelling, a large lot located on the corner of North Street and Talmadge Avenue. 300 feet front on North Street, which allows ample room for another dwelling. Price will be made very reasonable as the property must be sold. Apply to owner, **WILLIAM T. MARSH, Litchfield, Conn.**

BERKSHIRE HILLS; 300 acres; farm land, forest, three ponds, trout brooks, magnificent scenery; two colonial houses (one brick) also small cottage; modern barns, etc. Abundant water supply. One house fully modernized with eletricity, plumbing, furnace, fireplaces, bake ovens; pine groves, fruit trees, shrubbery. Three miles from delightful village; direct railroad line to New York. Unusual opportunity for summer home, school or club. Price $27,500. **A. H. PATTERSON, Norfolk, Conn.**

Florida

BEAUTIFUL FLORIDA HOME
OLD SOUTHERN STYLE WITH AMPLE GROUNDS
Situated in City of Eustis, Lake County, Florida; frontage of 275 feet on Lakeview Ave., with depth of 695 feet; 8-room house, all modern conveniences, surrounded by large trees and shrubbery; ideal year-round climate in wonderful lake region. Price $35,000. For particulars address S. R. Caldwell, Wellsburg, W. Va.

Maine

EXCLUSIVE sea-beach properties at Georgetown 14 miles to Bath. Folder on request Georgetown Association, 173 State St., Augusta, Maine.

FARM CATALOGUE of bargains, small and large summer homes and residences, mountain, river or lake. Copy free. Orrin D. Dickey, Belfast, Maine.

NEW LOG CABIN—Large living room; open fireplace, kitchenette, two bedrooms, bathroom, electric lights. In summer colony. Furnished $350 for season. Address Ralph S. Wardwell, Castine, Maine.

BELGRADE LAKE CAMPS. Situated on an island surrounded by the best of fishing. Individual cabins with modern conveniences. Recreation room and dining room. Always cool. Booklet on request. R. E. Boomer, Prop., Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Me. To let. Among the pines, on the ocean. Six room bungalow, fire-place, bath-room. J. B. Fielding, 1758 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Massachusetts.

Real Estate

Maine

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast To let for season, cottage, 6 rooms and bath, fireplace; sea view. **A. E. Barbour, Augusta, Me.**

Rock Gardens and Cottages
ON THE OCEAN—IN THE PINES. American plan. Homelike. Modern plumbing. Vegetable gardens. Golf, tennis, water sports. Station, Bath, Maine. June 14—October 1. Address J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Sebasco, Maine. Folder. Rates $30—$35.

LAKE COBBOSSEECONTEE
10 acres; new 7 room house, suitable for year round use; bath, fireplace, electric lights, artistic fittings and decorations; 2 car garage and chauffeur's quarters. Priced less than cost. **MAINE LAKES & COAST COMPANY, Portland, Maine.**

TO RENT—Boothbay Harbor, Maine. 7 room cottage. Well equipped, fireplace, broad piazzas. Season $250. Miss Emma E. Jones, 50 Bangor St., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE—This set of buildings, on bank of river navigable to sea, 7 acres of land, improved road, 3 miles to city. Price $4200. Miss Emma E. Jones, 50 Bangor St., Augusta, Maine.

500 CAPE COD, Sunapee, Winnipesaukee, Maine Coast Cottages. Sell or rent farms. The Chapin Agency. Catalogs.

TO LET—Squirrel Island, Maine. Nicely furnished, nine room cottage, all modern conveniences. Inquire Mrs. G. S. Paine, Winslow, Maine.

Massachusetts

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage, Ocean frontage. Six rooms. $300 Season. R. E. Farrier, 107 No. Van Dien Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.

CAPE COD, TRURO, MASS.
Bungalows on green dunes, near ocean. $200-$650 season. HERBERT LLOYD, Bound Brook, N. J.

FOR SALE: Gentleman's residence situated within three hours' motor trip from Boston, easily accessible from Providence, New Haven, and New York. An ideal summer home near the beach. House of ten rooms, modern conveniences, fully furnished, large grounds, and a barn with room to garage three cars. For details apply to GEO. HOWLAND COX, Cambridge Trust Co., Cambridge, Mass.

FOR SALE
Gentleman's Estate
ASHFIELD, MASS. The Mansion House, on top of hill overlooking village: Three story and basement. House 38x66 feet (With kitchen extension) 18 rooms, 5 baths, electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water on all floors. Large fire-places, abundant closet space, interior telephones throughout house and to garage. Basement laundry, screens, awnings, etc. Finest construction. Garage of concrete and frame, is built on side of hill, 33 x 42 feet for 6 cars. Lavatory on first floor, six room apartment with bath on second floor. There are ten acres of home grounds, laid out by landscape artist, in roses, shrubs, evergreens, etc. A delightful home in every way. Photographs, details, etc., gladly submitted. H. V. ERICKSON, Trust Officer, Franklin County Trust Co., Greenfield, Mass.

Real Estate

Massachusetts

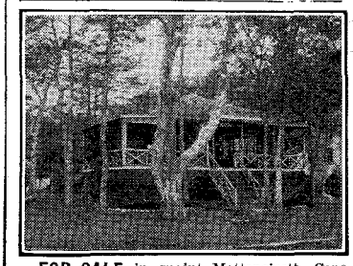
FOR RENT Near Great Barrington
in the Berkshires, five room house, furnishings partly antique. Long season. Photos and terms. **Dr. Geo. H. Leggett, 133 West 123rd Street, New York City.**

For Sale—Camp and Cottage, Goose Pond, Lee, Mass. (Berkshire Hills)
140 miles from Boston or New York City. Beautiful body of water. 1700 feet altitude. Large or small lots, reasonably priced. Write for further particulars. **E. D. PARKS, Russell, Mass.**

FOR SALE: Siasconset, Mass. House completely furnished. Apply to MISS HELEN MARSHALL, 71 Williams St., Norwich, Connecticut.

FOR RENT—On Nantucket Moors. (Poltis) Furnished house, 9 rooms, 3 baths, electric lights, garage, laundry, garden, bathing house at beach 2½ miles distance. Inquire Robert L. Hale, Columbia University.

In the Berkshires
Cool brick house. Rent during Institute of Politics or for three months. 5 minutes walk from Golf Club. 5 Master's chambers, 2 baths, 3 maid's rooms, bath. Roads, lawn and orchard cared for by man on place. Particulars address **MRS. S. F. CLARKE, Williamstown, Mass.**



FOR SALE in quaint Mattapoisett, Cape Cod. 6 room bungalow amid trees: completely furnished ready for occupancy: large sleeping porch: all conveniences. Spacious grounds: beach directly in front of house. Boat. **MRS. H. W. JENKINS, Waban, Mass. Centre Newton 2811-R.**

Michigan

FOR SALE. Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mile to University. Best residence section; 14 room house (built and occupied by owner); all improvements; three car garage, large well developed yard. Right for children. Income possibilities. Write 2012 Washtenaw Ave.

New Hampshire

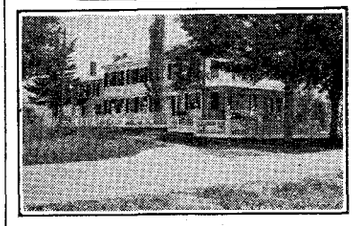
Beautiful New Found Lake
Near Bristol, N. H. To rent: Six room bungalow, overlooking lake, wonderful view, modern improvements, refined surroundings, garage. $250 for season. Address Box 827 Outlook and Independent.

For Rent or Sale
The LEDGES A summer home on top of the world. Modern house, 10 rooms, all conveniences. Accessible. In lake country of New Hampshire, (100 miles from Boston.) offering a panorama of 90 miles of mountains and lakes. **ALSO SMALLER COTTAGE.** 5 rooms. Same location. Same luxuriously comfortable conveniences. A rare opportunity. Photographs, details on request. Box 275. Outlook and Independent.

Golf Boating Bathing Tennis Garage and Annex
Winnepesaukee Farm
LAKEPORT, N. H.
G. ELMER SANBORN, Proprietor
Bath and Electric Lights. **Modern Bungalows**

Real Estate

New Hampshire



Old Colonial Homestead
PRICE ONLY $7500 (Must be sold to settle an Estate). Excellent condition; modern improvements; ample outbuildings; 2 acres of land. In the beautiful Connecticut River Valley on Dartmouth College Highway, 28 miles from Hanover, N. H., 48 miles from Bretton Woods. This property would make a splendid summer home, or it could be used for an all-the-time Hotel in a village that has no hotel and is much in need of one. For photograph and particulars, please inquire of **C. P. PAGE, Haverhill, New Hampshire.**

FOR SALE: N. H. Camping business. 83 acres farm with buildings. 3000 ft. shore front. Wood timber. 6 cottages. Garage, store. Electricity, water. A fine place for boys and girls school. **J. M. MAYO, Meredith, N. H.**

SUGAR HILL, N. H.: For rental for summer season, furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House; 10 rooms, 2 baths, lavatories. 5 acres of ground. Garage. Beautiful view three mountain ranges. 8 golf courses within reach. Tennis. Riding. Housekeeping or not as desired. Apply J. B. Hardon, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.** Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

Kansas

OZARKS—Five acres, camp, bungalow site, bordering White river, timbered. Hunting, fishing, trapping. $100, $5. monthly. **Homer Hubbard, 1973 N. 5th, Kansas City, Kansas.**

New Jersey

COTTAGE for sale or rent; furnished new; completed July 1; 4 rooms including fireplace; located Shark River Hills, N. J., near Asbury Park. Write G. De Cou, 320 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

CAPE MAY, N. J.—Unique, secluded; five-room apartment; directly on surf; $250 season; nine-room cottage; $400 season. HUGHAN, 171 West 12th Street, New York City, Chelsea 2625 or Rockwell, Cape May.

FOR SALE AT
Toms River N. J.
An homestead property, overlooking Toms River, located on State Highway from Camden to Toms River, three minutes' walk to town proper. Contains about four acres of land, about one-half of which is a hill, with southerly exposure. Oak and cedar grove on hill. Very desirable homesite. For further information inquire, **JOHN A. ERNEST, County Clerk, Toms River, N. J.**

FOR SALE—Modern, all-year home, Ramapo Hills, 30 miles N. Y. City; center hall, 9 rooms, 2 baths; Frigidaire, Glenwood gas stove, automatic water heater; garage; acre lawn, shade and fruit trees, shrubs, flowers, vegetable garden; privacy; beautiful view; congenial neighbors. Moderate price, terms. G. M. Carleton, Mahwah, N. J.

New York

JUSTINA PARK, Black Lake Island
Summer home—450 acres of natural beauty spots. Ideal for family with children. Boats and milk furnished. $500 for season. **H. G. Turner, Justina Park Rossie, N. Y.**

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION—*Continued*

Real Estate

New York

CUTCHOGUE, LONG ISLAND
2 hours from New York
Ten room house, fully furnished, electric light, telephone, all conveniences, acre plot, near Peconic Bay and Long Island Sound Rental for season $800. **Address A. K., 135 Water Street, New York City.**

FOR SALE
ATTRACTIVE VILLAGE OF KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK
21 miles south of Albany
12-room house in excellent repair. Open fireplaces, steam heat, water, electricity. Good schools, churches and stores nearby. Will sell at $9000—less than half the cost of reproduction.
GEORGE H. DAVIE, Kinderhook, New York.

FOR SUMMER RENT—Charmingly furnished three room apartment, kitchenette, electric refrigeration. Suitable for couple, two or three ladies. Convenient to Park, bus, subway. East 83rd Street, Butterfield 3035.

Real Estate

New York

FOR SALE—Year around country home, 15 acres, 3 acres woodland, in the heart of Orange county. 8 minutes to Goshen by motor, 15 minutes to Middletown, 10 minutes to Orange County Country Club with its superb golf links. Six masters bedrooms, 3 baths, sleeping porch, vegetable garden, etc. Considered one of the most attractive properties in the district. Apply to W. D. Grand, Goshen, N. Y.

For Sale: Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
Summer camp, furnished, location 1400 ft. altitude, commanding splendid view of Hudson River and Valley. Six rooms, bath, large porch. About ½ acre ground. Price reasonable. 2 hours from N. Y. N. C. Gabel, 4163 Glenwood Ave., Little Neck, L. I.

Adirondacks—Auger Lake
Fordway Camps. For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished, housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150.00 to $300.00 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.
MACE & NICOLLS Keeseville, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE
Established business, depreciated sound value real estate and equipment $1,100,000. Asking $350,000, cash required $100,000. Information and photos sent. **Write W. B. SANDERS, Nunda, N. Y.**

Real Estate

New York

FOR SALE:—Adirondack Camp, on shore of Long Lake, suitable for summer boarders, convalescent camp or club. Consists of 14 buildings, besides cooler. All furniture and boats. Electricity and running water. **Mrs. C. V. Mann, 97 Morris Street, Albany, New York.**

FOR SALE—An eleven room, modern brick residence, desirable location in Keeseville, New York. Adirondack region. Excellent summer home. Terms moderate. Apply at once, please, to Mrs. K. J. Severance, 72 Stuart Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Pennsylvania

EAGLES MORE PARK, Pa. Desirable furnished cottages with modern conveniences, situated in Park near Bathing Beach. Write The Forest Inn.

MT. POCONO, PA.
FOR RENT OR SALE: Attractive furnished cottages and bungalows, with al improvements. E. E. Merwin, Mt. Pocono Pa. Bell Phone 11-R-4.

FOR SALE—DAIRY FARM
122 acres, rich, level, Southern exposure. 10 acres alfalfa, water in meadow, good buildings. Shade. Fine neighborhood. ½ mile to school and village. On Route 42. Bus service. Reasonable. Terms easy. John K. Lynch, Shady Moor Farm, Cochranville, R.D., Pa.

Real Estate

Pennsylvania

In Beautiful Montrose
1800 feet above sea level.
Lovely old house surrounded by porches and terraces; 15 rooms, 3 baths, 7 fireplaces large closets; recently renovated throughout including new steam heating plant, ar electric fixtures; charmingly decorated the Colonial manner conforming to tl spacious entrance hall and winding stan case; garage for six cars. The attractive shrubbery and large shade trees create a delightful setting for this unusual estate of about 2 acres. It is well suited for summer or all year residence, or for an exclusive home for private patients requiring the rest and stimulation of this quiet, airy location Price $25,000; part on mortgage. Write or telephone for appointment. **JAMES W. YOUNG, 720 Miners Bank Building, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

Rhode Island

FOR RENT PRUDENCE ISLAND, R. I.
PRUDENCE ISLAND, in middle of Narragansett Bay. Several summer bungalows for rent. Different sizes and prices. Write to John D. Sawyer, 16 Warren Ave, Pawtucket, R. I.

Vermont

NEAR GOLF AND BRIDLE PATHS
Large buildings, bath, fireplace, piazzas, shade. Land for tennis, etc. Dr. Geo. Brandon, Vermont.

FOR SALE: in Plymouth, Vermont. 100 acres bordering on lake. Heavily timbered Right place for Boys club or summer school **C. V. Sanders, Tauton, Massachusetts.**

Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 196)

once exclaimed. These words might apply to the art of music. Free of rigid formulas, it roves the universal ether far swifter and freer than thought. But programs cage the eagle, and crash the 'plane.

On New Year's day, 1810, Beethoven rounded off one of the most superbly fertile decades, as regards quantity, quality, and variety, which any creative artist ever enjoyed. These ten years began with the "Lobkowitz" quartets and ended with the F sharp major piano sonata. They gave the world, among many other compositions, a half dozen symphonies, a dozen piano sonatas, a septet, a quintet, ten quartets, three trios, eight duet sonatas, five concertos, six overtures, an oratorio, a ballet, an opera, and a Mass.

Suddenly, mysteriously, the luxuriance came to an end. In the following decade, between 1810 and 1820, the only fairly productive year was 1812 when the Seventh and Eighth symphonies and the G major violin sonata,[1] were written.

The leanness of this period can scarcely be explained by financial troubles or friction with his fellow-creatures; for the irresponsible and irascible genius was already abundantly used to these things. Nor by the period of greater affluence which began in 1814, for he had been in pocket before, without suffering in productivity. Nor by ill health or age, because his health was quite as bad and his age worse during the glorious days after 1820 which produced the three last sonatas, the Choral symphony and the final quartets. Nor by the process of fermentation and clarification which ushered in his third creative period. True, all these factors decreased his fertility, but even the sum of them can scarcely account for the dismaying sterility of this decade.

In a curious recent work called "Auf der Fährte des Genius," a German physician, Dr. Richard von Waldvogel, develops the interesting theory that men, especially men of genius, are subject to a sort of mental and spiritual climacteric for some years in their forties. He thinks that this was the case with Beethoven between forty and fifty. The idea sounds fantastic, but it is flanked by a considerable array of biographical evidence.

Thayer suggested another reason for the unproductiveness of the first part of this period. The depreciation of the currency which resulted from the Napoleonic wars had made most people too poor to attend concerts and buy music. And "Beethoven was not the man to hasten his works to completion when there was no prospect of making either in public or in private any present use of them."[2]

In the summer of 1810 his creativeness was temporarily paralyzed by a bitter disappointment. This deaf, irascible invalid of thirty-nine had recently fallen in love with Fräulein Therese Malfatti, the pretty, fifteen-year-old niece of his physician.

At once all was activity in the haberdashery department. He sent Gleichenstein incredible sums to buy him shirtcloth and cravats. He broke his mirror prinking, borrowed Zmeskall's, sent the "music-count" scuttling for another and pictured himself as a new Hercules at the feet of a latter-day Omphale.

With emphatic urgency, he wrote to his boyhood friend, Dr. Wegeler, for his own birth-certificate, a document essential for marriage, and said that he would, if necessary, pay for a specia journey from Coblenz to Bonn in orde to get it.

To Gleichenstein, who was soon to marry Therese's sister, he wrote, "I have slept little, but I prefer such an awakening to all sleep. [Of the Malfattis]—I have such a wonderful feeling when with them all, it seems as if the wounds with which wicked men have lacerated my soul [the mania of persecution again!] might be healed by them. . . . Greet all that are dear to you and me, how gladly would I add *and to whom we are dear???* . . . Farewell, be happy—I am not—"

1. Op. 96.
2. Thayer, Vol. II, p. 209.

(To be Continued)

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